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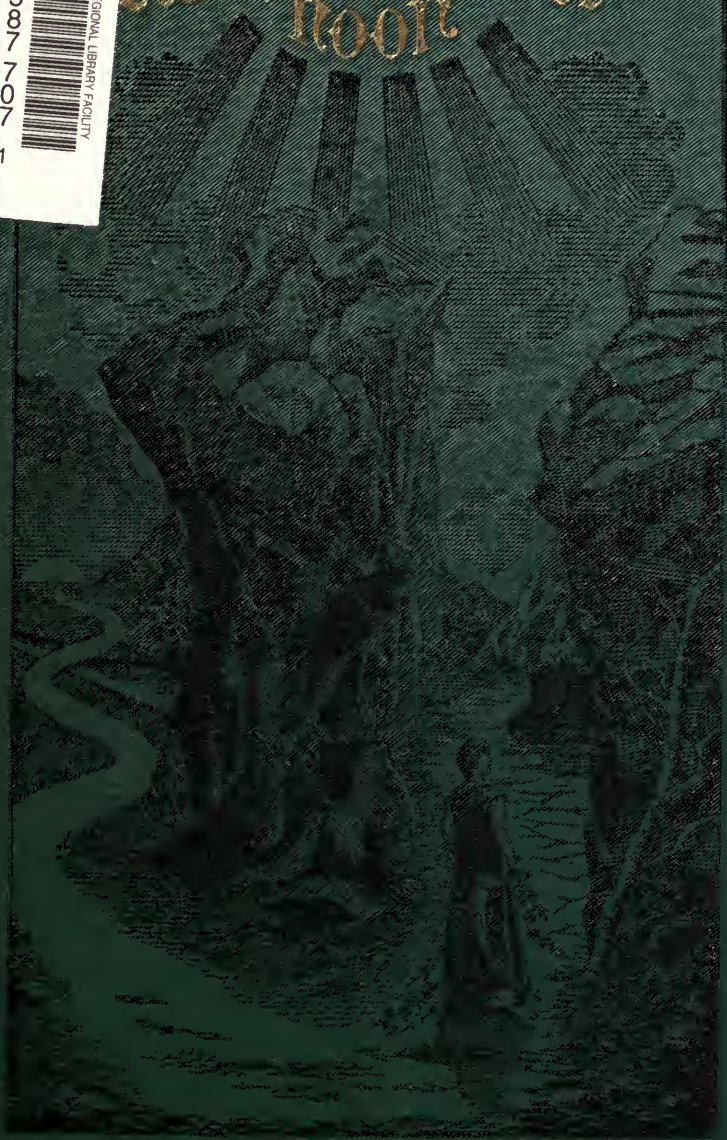
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At the Gates of Hoon



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At the Gates of Noon.

At The Gates of Noon

BY JAMES T. GALLAGHER



BOSTON
ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS.

1899

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To My Wife.

CONTENTS.

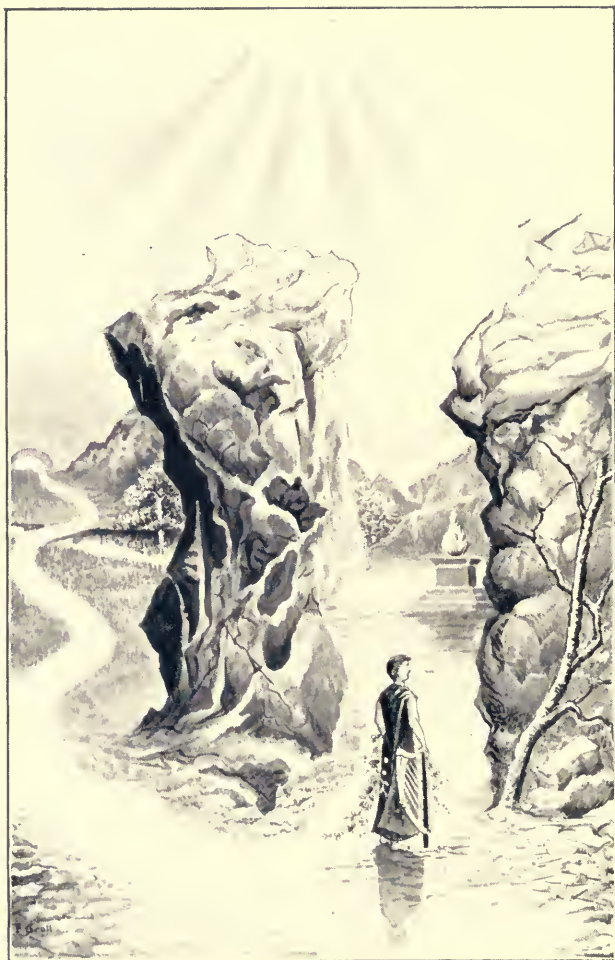
	PAGE.
AT THE GATES OF NOON - - - - -	9
WINTER - - - - -	11
THE SKYLARK - - - - -	12
NATURE WORSHIP - - - - -	13
SPRING - - - - -	15
THE MISSING SPRING - - - - -	16
SUMMER'S SERMON - - - - -	17
JUNE - - - - -	18
EXIT OF SUMMER - - - - -	19
COMPENSATION - - - - -	20
ARMENIA—A PLEA - - - - -	21
HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE - - - - -	22
SUNSET ON GALLOW'S HILL - - - - -	23
WASHINGTON - - - - -	24
RIGHT - - - - -	25
FATHER MURPHY IN '98 - - - - -	26
JUSTICE - - - - -	27
REVERIE - - - - -	28
THE BIRTH OF LIGHT - - - - -	29
LOVE LIED - - - - -	30
CHARLES A. DANA - - - - -	31
NORTH BRIDGE - - - - -	32
THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL - - - - -	35
MARBLEHEAD - - - - -	39
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES - - - - -	43
DR. AMOS HOWE JOHNSON - - - - -	44
GRANT AND DEATH - - - - -	46
DR. ROBERT DWYER JOYCE - - - - -	47

EMMET	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	49
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	53
CHARLES J. KICKHAM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56
MAJOR GRADY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	58
CAED MILLE FAILTHE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60
ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	62
RELEASED.—AUGUST, 1896	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	64
SHAMROCKS FROM IRELAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	66
A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	70
DEAR SHAMROCK OF MY NATIVE VALE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	72
ST. PATRICK'S DAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
ST PATRICK'S DAY TOASTS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	76
THE GALLANT NINTH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	78
SPREAD THE LIGHT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	80
THE DOG OF AUGHIRM	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	82
A PICTURE OF IRISH HISTORY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	86
FAMINE IN IRELAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	90
ERIN'S APPEAL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	93
A PLEA FOR UNITY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	95
MEN OF IRELAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	97
SELF RELIANCE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	99
ROSCOMMON'S WELCOME TO PARNELL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	102
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE OPERA OF "BRIAN BORU."	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	107
THE HOUSE OF LORDS MUST GO	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	109
AT LAST	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	111
VOW OF THE EXILED CELT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	114
THE EXILE TO HIS SON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	116
THE DYING EXILE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	121
WILL I REMEMBERED BE!	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	127
AH, WELL I LOVE MY NATIVE LAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	129
HOME	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	131
THE AUTUMN DAYS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	134
JULY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	136
WHERE ARE THE GODS?	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	138

BOYHOOD'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	140
OLD YEAR, GOOD-BYE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	143
THE SEA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	145
TO MY FATHER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	147
A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER CHILD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	151
LEO XIII GOLDEN JUBILEE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	153
WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	155
A CHILD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	161
R. W.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	163
JAMES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	166
MAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	168
OH ASK ME NOT WHY AM I SAD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	170
ADIEU	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	172
TO A CHILD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	175
TRUE LOVE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	176
TO MAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	177
ANNIE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	179
LITTLE TOMMY'S WOOING	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	180
ANNIE BAN MACHREE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	182
THE BELLE OF BUNKER HILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	184
SONG	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	186
SHATTERED HOPES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	188
POPPING THE QUESTION	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	195
THE MODEL OF MY LADY'S HAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	199
IS IT LOVE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	200
O DARLING SING THE SONG AGAIN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	202
DARLING ANNIE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	204
TELL ME YOU LOVE ME	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	206
ANNIE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	208
ANNIE DARLING	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	210
MY OWN MARY DEAR	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	212
TO M. J. R.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	214
INVESTIGATE, INVESTIGATORS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	216
THE DAY WE CELEBRATE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	218
WHAT WILL THE DOCTORS DO?	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	220
IT'S A VERY FUNNY WORLD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	222



Yours truly
James T. Beecher



"Lo! at the gates of noon I musing stand:
Since dawn my pathway o'er the meadows wound,
And all the bright and fragrant flowers I found,
Childlike, I gathered for a garland grand."

At the Gates of Noon.

L O! at the gates of noon I musing stand ;
Since dawn my pathway o'er the meadows
wound,
And all the bright and fragrant flowers I
found,
Childlike, I gathered for a garland grand
To wreath the altar of my native land
And every shrine in Fancy's hallowed ground ;
Hope's tyrian ribbon twined their stems
around,
But scentless now they droop within my hand !
Yet on their faded petals would I look
Till Evening merges in Eternity ;
For they call back each meadow, vale and brook
I knew and cherished when a dreamer free ;
And rest shall they forever in this book
Unprized, perchance, by all, but loved by me !

WINTER.

Winter.

THE exiled Winter seized again his throne,
And through the land his haughty couriers
sent,

Proclaiming loud his mandate and intent
That neither mercy nor respite be shown
Whate'er rebelled his regal sway to own.

His milky banner, battle-scarred and rent,
He flung adown the scowling firmament ;
His clansmen charged, lo ! Autumn's hosts o'er-
thrown !

O mighty Monarch of the Virgin crown !

Magician-artist ! whose light breath can chain
The pulsing sea, yet deigns, without a frown,

To paint weird pictures on the humble pane !
I loved fair Summer and the Autumn brown,
• But hail and worship thy majestic reign !

The Skylark.

O THOU sweet bird ! that in the ear of Dawn
Dost pour thy joyous and melodious lay
As glides the vital current of the Day
Into the pallid veins of hill and lawn,
Restoring all the Winter's lance had drawn,
While he, rude surgeon, o'er the land held
sway,
I envy thee, and oh ! would soar away
Beyond the limit of this mortal bawn
And let my soul melt out in song with thee !
Thou hast no pain, nor didst thou ever know
The soundless deeps or chilling peaks of woe ;
Thy wing is chainless and thy spirit free !
Around thee dance the clouds in ecstasy,
Blue bending skies thy star-strewn canopy.

Nature Worship.

TO A. G. C.

MY soul is weary of the city street—
The din and clamor of its crowded way,
Eternal sameness of the night and day,
The pomp and poverty and pride I meet,
The Crime new-ermined and the guilt Deceit
Like vultures swooping to devour their prey,
While Justice, blinking in the social ray,
Beholds the vesture, but forgets the cheat.
Oh, I would fly to some untrod retreat,
Where Nature, regal, holds untrammelled sway,
And kneel in worship at her virgin feet,
Recount her glories and her laws obey ;
Nor cease to honor till my last heart-beat—
Till heaven commingles with the earth's decay.

With her already ! on her forest throne
I quaff the nectar of the balmy air—
Distilled through meshes of her golden hair—
From parting Summer's sacred censer blown.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The anthem grand, the sweet, weird monotone
Of harpers ancient, blending soft and rare,
Upwells around me, till the demon, Care,
Is crushed forever and his reign o'erthrown.
O Courtis! wert thou with me! thou, whose mind
Is pure and lofty as this gorgeous scene;
Whose fervid soul and fancy unconfined
Would limn the splendor of the gold and green,
Swayed by the footsteps of the wooing wind—
I would be happy as the gods, I ween.

Come, come, in spirit! Lo! the dawn appears,
And Day's proud monarch mounts the rose-
strewn skies!
The startled Night withdraws her sentry-eyes,
But yields the diamonds of her midnight tears
To gem the billows of assailing spears
That press around her as she westward flies;
Yet on the rampart where she, fighting, dies,
The victor Day-god curbs his charioteers.
Gleams brighter now the forest's autumn dress
As down his vast and pillared sanctuary
The lucid legions of the Morning press,
Where Nature reigns in cloistered majesty!
Oh, I'm too happy in this happiness,
And long to share it with the world and thee!

SPRING.

Spring.

SPRING walked across the meadows yesterday,
And whispered to the flowers on the way :
Awake, arise, the Winter night is fled,
The milky sheets that wrapped your dreamy
bed
Dissolve and float away, like jeweled lawn,
To deck the forehead of approaching Dawn.
The flowers looked up and smiled a greeting
sweet ;
Some blushed for joy, and some grew pale to
meet
Their mother so beloved and lost so long ;
From out the brake rolled clear the bluebird's
song,
And Nature, hopeful at the sudden boom,
Recalled her artists to the idle loom,
While onward wheeled along the misty way
The gorgeous chariot of the perfect day.

The Missing Spring.

“SPRING walked across the meadows yesterday,”

So sang a rhymer many days ago,
But where she wandered no one seems to know;
Most certain 'tis the maiden went astray,
Or from exposure died upon the way.

Perchance she met her old and bitter foe,
Grim Winter ! and he basely laid her low
For daring to usurp his lordly sway.
The flowers are weeping for their mother now,
And hide their faces in the pallid grass,
Remorseless on, with awful voice and brow,
The wicked tyrant and his cohorts pass.
Revenge ! revenge ! the hills and valleys vow,
While birds sob low the solemn requiem mass.

Summer's Sermon.

TO-DAY all Nature speaks the Word of God,
And mirrors well His love and purity :
The fragrant snow upon the spreading
tree,
The tear-eyed violets clinging to the sod,
The daisied grass, by careless footsteps trod,
The forest vast that claps its hands in glee
To every breeze that woos caressingly—
Are types of Him, and blossom at His nod.
Weak man alone, created lord of all,
Preordered for the highest destiny,
Rebels, and, doubting, flings a sable pall
Across the bosom of divinity.
O God of love ! How awful is the fall
From Nature's praise to man's foul blasphemy !

June.

HAIL, Star-eyed goddess of the verdant gown
And rose-twined coronet, Imperial June !
Thy subject, I. Beneath thy argent moon,
Or ardent sun, where willows weave a crown
O'er laughing streams, or where huge mountains
frown,
When Nature sweeps her harp and wakes a
tune,
Or all Creation shudders in a swoon,
To thee, in worship, shall I bow me down !
I would be near thee in the forest dim,
In woods entangled, on the mystic sea,
Thy loyal page, to raise thy garment's hem
Across the bosom of the dewy lea ;
Creation's priest thy peerless brow to gem,
And Nature's voice to hail thy majesty.

Exit of Summer.

HER verdant robes around her, Summer drew
And vanished, like the shadow of a beam,
Within the melting landscape of a dream,
From all the scenes she graced and loved and
knew ;
To grèiving Nature one fond kiss she threw—
One farewell kiss—and like a sunset gleam,
It touched the mountain's lip, the seabound
stream,
And stamped Creation with its golden hue.
Adieu, enchantress ! Queen of love, adieu !
Though fled is beauty and the soul of song,
Shall Memory oft revisit and review
Thy vacant throne and glance thy halls along,
While loyal Fancy will thy steps pursue
Through shattered ranks of Autumn's russet
throng.

Compensation.

LIKE breath of slander, Winter's herald came,
And whispered low amid the leafy bowers
The poisonous words, that quick the bab-
bling hours
Spoke oft aloud, with ever added shame,
To sully Summer and her daughters' name.
With grief intense, soon drooped the gentle
flowers,
And graveward sank in fair and fragrant
showers,
While Nature wept, apart, their blighted fame.
Sage Autumn listened to her sister's woe,
And, moved to pity, kissed each pining child,
When lo ! a ruddy and a golden glow
Leaped to each brow and lip and bosom mild ;
And hosts that shrank to meet the jealous foe
In gorgeous glory, looked abroad and smiled.

Armenia—A Plea.

O THOU Protector of the poor and weak,
The Friend alone on Whom the crushed
can call

For aid and justice when the strong inthrall,
At Whose high throne the wronged will never
seek

For right in vain, hear'st Thou Thy children
speak

In prayer aloud : "Oh, let Thy mercy fall
Round poor Armenia like an iron wall,
And stay the murder-hand, the victim-shriek.
Or else, O God ! vouchsafe them strength to
wield,

For life and virtue and their native plain,
The sword avenging and unsparing—steeled
Against this monster and his frightful train ;
Nor curb their fury till the doom is sealed
Of hell's vicegerent and his demon reign !

Hawthorne's Birthplace.

'TIS not a vast nor venerable pile
Where fays and goblins in the moonlight
dance ;

Modest and meek it meets the pilgrims' glance,
The critic's malice and the cynic's smile ;

Yet 'neath its roof the monarch of Romance
First saw the world his matchless genius swayed,
Its windows through the July sunshine strayed

To touch his forehead with its gleaming lance.
First here the lightning of his thoughts revealed

The teeming valley of his fiction lore,
The fancy-fountains of his mind unsealed

And let the deathless story-streams outpour.
Hawthorne ! In reverence ever shall we trace
And sacred hold thy humble natal place.

Sunset on Gallows Hill.

HIS crimson shield the regal Lord of Day,
Triumphant marching to the Night's embrace,

One moment poised above the pallid face
Of that lone hill, whereon, the records say,
The wizard victims, with their lives, did pay
The debt of frenzy—to the times' disgrace ;

And lo ! its snow-robcs are vermillion lace !
Or is it blood, or but his parting ray ?
Entranced I shuddered at the awful light

And pondered well the wondrous mystery ;
Then turned to lethe, or a new delight,
Unto the bosom of the distant sea.

Bright scarlet discs were all that met my sight
On sea and shore, on naked spire and tree !

Washington.

THOU mighty monarch of a people's heart !
Creator—Father—of a Nation free,
In war or peace alike in majesty
And grace didst act the statesman-hero's part—
Rending Oppression's chain, and Freedom's
chart,
Bequeathing stainless to posterity !
All nations bend in homage unto thee :
Thou taughtst triumphant Peace through War's
dread art.
With grateful hearts and unvexed minds to-day
We turn to thee, immortal Washington !
And proudly crown thee with the deathless bay,
Amidst the blaze of Freedom's fulgent sun ;
With vision lifted to the summit-way—
Thy country's grandest glory yet unwon !

NIGHT.

Night.

WHAT art thou, O vast, mysterious night !
 Spreading thy sable wings o'er sky and
 earth,
 And clasping mundane things with starry
 girth,
Dewy and noiseless as thy onward flight ?
What shoreless deep, or mystic mountain height,
 Beheld thee rise, or cradled thee at birth ?
 Art thou a mask of day, and in thy mirth
Or anger, give or hold, the boon of light ?
Yet thou wert ever beautiful to me,
 In joy, or grief, or thunder-speaking rage !
Hope, in thy countless eyes, and faith I see,
 I never yet beheld in Day's bright page.
Thou art the shadow of eternity ! —
 Though I am neither poet, priest nor sage.

Father Murphy in '98.

[N Boolavogue, his flame-swept church beside,
 Stood Father Murphy on Whitsunday morn,
 His hunted flock, from out each cave and
 tarn,
Around him gathered, like a surging tide.
“O Father! speak the promised ‘Word,’ ” they
 cried.
 “Behold our kindred and our homesteads torn,
 The desolation of our land forlorn!”—
His sword he drew, and “Follow me,” replied.
How well he battled on the Wexford heights,—
 Avenged Dunlavin and blood-drenched Car-
 new,
Bore down the yeomen in the bloody fights
 Of Inniscorthy and of Carrigrue,
And roused the nation to regain its rights,—
 To-day is echoed all creation through!

JUSTICE

Justice.

I SAW approaching from a mountain height
A radiant maiden with majestic mien,
Bearing aloft a sword of lightning sheen
That cleft the meshes of surrounding night.
Before her fled Wrong's minions in affright ;
Behind, the toiling millions stood serene
And viewed the triumph of the unknown
queen,
Bent to their task and claimed no other right.
Oh, who art thou ? I cried in fear and awe,
And what thy name, and whence thy potent
power
So far transcending human might and law —
So well adjusted to the place and hour ?
"The worker's Right, long sought and long de-
nied,
Am I ; my name is Justice," she replied.

Reverie.

On visiting the favorite seat of O. W. Holmes at Beverly Farms.

NIGHT gracefully came with me as I strayed
Where often mused the genial prince of
song,
While yet his hand the breathing chords
among,
The lofty strains awoke that nations swayed,
And still are echoed by each hill and glade.
A flowery wreath May wove our path along,
And stars danced near, a gleaming, glinting
throng,
Like jewelled crown upon a black-haired maid.
Immortal Holmes ! thy spirit sure was nigh ;
The balmy air was thrilled with soothing strain
Unheard since thou didst leave us for the sky,
And could be breathed by only thee again :
The place enchanted seemed. But ah ! my sigh
Transfixed the silence with a shaft of pain !

The Birth of Light.

I N darkness tomb'd was earth and all mankind,
The Soul immortal lay a garden waste
Wherein the passions on a throne were
placed

Unchecked, unsatisfied and unconfined
Through all the Seasons of the ruling mind,
Since disobedience and the mortal taste
Of fruit forbidden Eden's lord debased,
And death outscattered to each wailing wind.
But lo ! afar, amid the regnant gloom

Proclaims a star the light of life new-born —
That man reseated shall again resume
The sway triumphant of the primal morn ;
And faith shall nourish to eternal bloom
The seed supernal in all hearts forlorn.

Love Lied.

TO me Love came one summer day and said :
 "I will be with thee through all future time,
 To cheer thy pathway and to grace thy
 rhyme,
And sweet spells weave around thy nightly bed."
On wings the fleetest golden Summer sped,
 And bannered Autumn, Nature's queen sub-
 lime,
 Majestic passed, and forth in haughty prime
Grim Winter came, but lo ! Love, false, is fled.
Love loves the essence of the summer rose
 And long delays where wealth and beauty
 meet—
Where tinsel glitters and where pleasure
 glows,
Nor flies the presence of alloyed deceit :
But when joys vanish, or the tempest blows,
 His feet are nimble and his wings are fleet.

Charles A. Dana.

NOT weep shall we thy passing, Dana great !
Though wert thou brightest of the brilliant
men,
Who gave the press their mighty minds
and pen
To upward lift it to its high estate ;
But long shall linger by the sunset gate,
That bars thee ever from our mortal ken,
To list the throbbing of thy day's wild din,
And pray such other will our God create !
Thou wert beloved, O Dana ! e'en by foes ;
By those, much more, who bowed to thy be-
hest ;
The genius budding found in thee repose,
Nor left the lowly from thy side distressed.
Who longest knew thee most will mourn thy
close —
Oh, may thy spirit find eternal rest !

North Bridge.

“**A**WAY!” said haughty General Gage, in Boston by the sea,
“And, Leslie, lead three hundred men to Salem instantly,
And capture all the cannon there, and bring them to this town,
Nor brook the least resistance from a traitor to the crown.”

Midwinter’s sun was gazing down on Massachusetts Bay,
On stern and snow-capped Marblehead reposed the noontide ray,
As from their ship to Lovis Cove and Homan’s sheltered strand,
In martial pomp and bright array, came Leslie and his band.

NORTH BRIDGE.

The men of Marblehead beheld this herald of
the storm,
And swift to Salem Pedrick sped to spread the
loud alarm ;
The bells were rung—the drums were beat—the
people rushed from prayer,
Determination in each face—their trusty weap-
ons bare.

“North River Bridge !” Lo ! firm it stands in its
accustomed place,
While onward sweep the British ranks in awe-
inspiring pace.
A moment’s halt, then Leslie’s voice, in awful
rage, outpealed
“Forward ! And, Foster, point me where the
cannons are concealed !”

“Halt !” thundered gallant Pickering—behind
him forty men ;
“Who dares attempt to cross North Bridge shall
never breathe again.”
“We go,” was Leslie’s bold reply “to do the
King’s command,
And all who rashly interfere, we’ll shoot down
where they stand.”

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

On Gallows Hill the evening sun shot down his
crimson bars,
And faintly in the ocean blue, regleamed the
Hesper stars ;
Her crystal lamp, the crescent moon hung o'er
the tidal flood—
Defiant and unyielding still the hostile leaders
stood.

“Fire !” rang the dreadful order from the British
captain then,
“Hold ! Hold ! beware !” cried Captain Felt,
“ ’tis death to all your men ! ”
The soldiers paused, and Barnard spoke—
“Peace ! peace ! there is a way,
If Pickering and his men agree, to end this
wicked fray.”

Night flung her sable curtains down and wrapt
the bloodless scene,
And Leslie back to Boston fled, in double quick,
I ween ;
The moon and stars serenely smiled on man-
hood's flag unfurled,
And Echo slept, awaiting yet the shot that
shook the world !

The Battle of Bunker Hill.

AT last the cry "To arms ! To arms !" through
Lexington outrang,
And Concord knew the hour was come, and to
her weapon sprang.
No need to tell how foe met foe and grappled
on that morn—
Amid the shattered British ranks our liberty
was born.

Now face to face the foemen stand—defiance in
each eye,
Impatient for the battle shock—resolved to win
or die ;
The awful story has been told by pens of mas-
ter skill,
Yet I shall dare again review that day on Bun-
ker Hill.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Uprose the Dawn and westward rolled the curtains of the night,
And lo ! brave Prescott and his men upon the fort-crowned height,
Beneath the friendly stars they toiled that rampart to upraise,
Whose frowning brow the British fills with anger and amaze.

Serene the monarch of the sky from out his highest tower
Surveys the marshalled pomp and pride of Britain's haughty power ;
Serene he glances on the hill, where, few but undismayed,
The rudely-weaponed patriots for battle stand arrayed.

Hark to the cannon's thunder-crash ! the shells' red lightning see !
And like a surging sea of flame sweeps Pigott's infantry ;
List how the god of slaughter laughs from river, hill and shore !
Oh ! never rolled a battle-wave so charged with death before.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

An earthquake shudders underneath where
Howe's battalions come
Flame-sheeted like a forest-fire; yet Prescott's
fort is dumb;
And Stark, unmoved as granite cliff, awaits the
crimson tide—
It breaks. Ah, God! within its foam five hun-
dred Britons died.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Liberty! the fight is fought
and won!
And lo! before the volunteers the royal legions
run—
Hurrah! hurrah!—but see! they halt; they
rally and attack,
And Bunker Hill has hurled again the roaring
columns back.

Gage sees, afar, the day is lost—an empire to
his king—
And dashes to the scene with all the troops that
he can bring.
Awful his rage and mad despair, terrific his com-
mand:
“Go, fire the town from end to end, nor let one
timber stand!”

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The god of day affrighted shrank behind a sable
cloud,
The concave heaven mirrored back the city's
fiery shroud,
A tremor quivered through the hill where fell
the tearing shell ;
Yet Prescott pours his iron hail and keeps the
rampart well.

On ! on ! the British columns press o'er dying
and o'er dead,
Flame-bordered in the front and rear, flame-cur-
tained overhead.
"Fight, win or die," Howe's battle cry, and
Prescott's "No retreat ;"
But, ah ! his waves of victory are crested with
defeat !

Secure and loved for evermore the fame and
name shall be
Of all who fought and bled that day to give us
liberty ;
But traced in golden letters bright upon a
deathless chart,
The valiant Warren's name shall live within the
Nation's heart.

MARBLEHEAD.

Marblehead.

UPON thy fort, old Marblehead,
I stood, as from her orient bed
The Morning rose, and blushing sped,
In majesty,
To where thy rocky arms outspread
Embrace the sea.

Alone I viewed the gorgeous Day
With jewelled sandals tread the bay—
Climb up and down each craggy way
And valley wild—
Till all revealed before me lay,
This earthquake child.

Renowned, romantic, rugged town,
Upon thy face the smile and frown
Of Nature chase each other down
From field to shore,
And gems of art thy forehead crown
Thy sons adore.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Historic muse ! inspire my strain
To paint the old heroic reign
Of this quaint village by the main,
 And tell its tale
Which time and ocean's rage in vain
 Assailed, assail.

Roll back the curtains of the past,
The fisher-fleets with nets outcast,
The hardy seamen at the mast,
 Let me behold,
In peaceful toil or War's dread blast,
 Reliant, bold.

'Tis done : and lo ! most gallantly
The valiant Mugford's bark I see
Careering o'er the vassal Sea
 Like meteor flame,
The captured British ship alee—
 Ah ! dear-bought fame !

Brave Glover on the Delaware
'Mid icy crags, his weapons bare,
Inspiring all with courage rare
 To dare and do,
Or guiding Burgoyne's shattered square
 New England through.

MARBLEHEAD.

The deathless Constitution ride,
Triumphant monarch of the tide,
The sinking Guerriere beside,
While fearless Hull
With Russell, Cowell, Prince, divide
The honors full.

The privateers, cyclonic, sweep
The boastful Britons from the deep
They claimed to own and meant to keep—
O conflict dread!
Ten hundred widows, orphans, weep
The deathless dead! —

Th' immortal brave who died to free
Their land from Britain's tyranny
And plant the flag of liberty
On sea and shore —
The refuge of oppressed to be
For evermore.

Sleep, heroes, sleep. A nation's love
With Freedom guard your graves above.
The starry banner that you wove
In War's red loom
Floats free to-day o'er Lovis Cove,
And will till doom.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The scene is changed. Rebellion red
Has dared to lift his hideous head.
The bugle call is scarcely sped
 Upon its way—
The gallant men of Marblehead
 Rush to the fray !

And never did a braver brand
Flash forth for Right and native land
Than quivered in brave Martin's hand—
 Than Boardman held—
Than answered Phillips' stern command
 Till wrong was quelled.

And once again, alone I stand
Where "Castle Rock" with iron hand
Repels old Neptune's charging band
 While daylight dies
And Night and Luna, smiling bland,
 Walk up the skies.

Good night ! farewell, historic shore !
Thy story and thy "Churn's" wild roar
Will haunt my soul for evermore
 With dreams divine—
Will live within my bosom's core,
 While life is mine !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HIS songs are sung ; the golden lyre is mute
That thrilled the nations with the soul of
song ;
Death laid his finger on the breathing lute
And froze the melody its chords among.

Like regal sun the master-singer came ;
Fair, tear-gemmed Nature mirrored his sweet
light ;
Bird, flower and stream laughed in the lambent
flame ;
Man's sorrows faded in the robes of night.

Meridian day, his full-orbed genius shone—
No cloud to mar the fields of smiling blue ;
Triumphant rolled his crystal chariot on
Where eye reveals her gorgeous throne to
view.

Resplendent still his crown of glory gleams
Where pencilled tints of earth and sky unite ;
Gay Autumn blushes in his farewell beams ;
The steel-gray curtain falls—and it is night.

Dr. Amos Howe Johnson.

NOT when the chain is rent apart
That links Hereafter to the Here
And all we hold on earth most dear
Is severed from the bleeding heart :

Not in that moment, sorrow-tossed,
Though Grief may weep with thousand eyes,
Can we compute and realize
The depth and height of what is lost.

Nor can our city, bending low
In grief beside the silent clay
Of him who brought a cheering ray
To many a home and heart of woe.

But in the calm of after-day,
When Reason sadly mounts her throne.
And lists, in vain, the gentle tone
That Comfort shed along our way.

DR AMOS HOWE JOHNSON.

Though Science weeps, not she alone—
Religion takes her by the hand,
And leads her where the Virtues stand
Bewailing their protector gone.

Peace to thy shade! Immortal rest!
Thou wert a friend unto the poor.
Such epitaph will time endure
Ay! longer than the monarch's crest.

Grant and Death.

THE hand of Dawn, with pencil bright,
Was tracing morning o'er the sky
When Grant upon McGregor's height
Beheld grim Death in armor nigh.

"Oh, hero of undying fame!
Who saved the Union, peace restored!
Grant! Victor! Chief! on Mars' red plain,
Yield, yield to Death thy flaming sword!"

Spoke Grant; and Valor sat enthroned
Upon his brow's majestic field.
"What Victor never claimed before
To thee, King Death, my sword I yield."

DR. ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce.

Let me, for love, let me be unforgot — *Joyce*.

DIVINE Apollo ! grant to me
One spark of thy celestial fire :
I fain would wake the golden lyre
To Dr. Joyce's memory !

By me he would be unforgot :
Though earth, again, should ring his fame,
And every tongue pronounce his name,
Though all his race remember not !

To-day I passed the city street
That erst re-echoed to his tread,
And musing on the spirit fled,
An agèd friend I chanced to meet.

"Do you remember Joyce ?" I said.
"Joyce ? Joyce ? the man that hung my bell ?
Yes, yes, I knew him very well,
But I forgot — you know he's dead !!!"

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Shame on the city, race and land
That claimed him in his regal hour
And basked in sunshine of his power
But dead, forget his genius grand !

Ah ! Time shall do him justice meet,
And Fame shall grant him rightful place
The greatest singer of his race
That ever trod a Boston street.

EMMET.

Emmet.

Read at the Emmet Anniversary Celebration at Monument Hall,
Charlestown, March 4, 1897.

I.

NO tears we'll shed for the deathless dead,—
The hero long departed,—
Nor shall we moan o'er the nameless stone
Where sleeps the noble-hearted.

We dare not weep till the foe we sweep
From the land for which he perished,
Nor dare we moan till the scrolless stone
Shall bear the tribute cherished.

We come to-day on his grave to lay
The martyr's wreath of glory,
And back again on the heart and brain
Swells all the tragic story—

The bleeding land and the brave sons banned
Who would from wrong defend her ;
The scaffold grim where they mangled him,
The peerless youth and tender ;

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The last request to be left at rest,
Unknown his aims and station,
Till times and men should rise again, ✕
And make his land a nation.

Here by his tomb in the March eve's gloom
We kneel, the young and hoary,
And vow to write on his gravestone white
His name—a line of glory !

II.

He saw his own beloved land
Writhe in the tyrant's iron hand,
And this his spirit could not stand ;

He saw the merciless and strong
Relock the chain, apply the thong,
His soul rebelled against the wrong ;

He saw the captive, poor and weak,
The tear of sorrow on her cheek,
And dared one comfort-word to speak ;

He saw the captors, cruel, stern, ~
The kindly word of comfort spurn,
With new-born fury on her turn. ,

EMMET.

Then rose the spirit of his race
In splendid majesty and grace,
And wrote defiance on his face !

On ! like the fiery breath of storm,
Right's battered mail around his form,
He rushed into the conflict warm !

He cared not what his fate might be,
His land was chained, she must be free !
He went, where beckoned Liberty—

Where called the voices of the dead,
Who in the ancient struggle led,
And in the cause of Freedom bled.

But ah ! he did not see the woe
That surged on hearts like ocean's flow,
The day that saw his overthrow !

Nor did he see the shaft of pain
That pierced the heart and rent the brain
And laid his idol 'mid the slain !

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

III.

But his name will live forever, and his fame
shall never die,
And his blood from earth appealing, shall for
vengeance ever cry !
And the Gael will some day answer as a unit to
the call,
And march on the Saxon foeman like a moving
granite wall !

From North and South we'll gather, from the
Eastland and the West,
In each hand the sword of Justice, Right's
strong shield upon each breast ;
And we'll sweep the foe before us, as the cyclone
sweeps the chaff,
And we'll make our land a Nation, and—write
Emmet's epitaph !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

JOY died within a people's heart
The day his noble spirit fled ;
And yet O'Reilly is not dead,
Though Nature claims the mortal part.

He lives in every word and act
He ever did or ever spake ;
He only sleeps till men awake
And find his dream a living fact.

The singer cannot cease to be :
His songs are seeds in fertile earth,
Which in God's sunlight spring to birth
And blossom truths eternally.

Nor will his fervent songs e'er die,
So well attuned to human right,
Like guardian angels in the night
They point from danger to the sky.

But still we miss the guiding hand,
The friendly clasp, the gentle tone,
The man who made the wrongs his own
Of every creature, every land.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Who fearless spoke his faith and mind,
And knew not color, creed, nor race ;
Who toiled disunion to efface,
And link in friendship all mankind.

And yet the silent tear will fall
Above his dear, untimely grave ;
To all mankind his life he gave,
And he was dearly loved by all.

Nor weeps Humanity alone :
Religion bends beside his tomb,
And Freedom in a robe of gloom,
Bewails her stalwart champion gone.

But deepest is poor Erin's woe,
Yet joy is mingled with the sigh,
And hope and pride within her eye
Alternate gloom, alternate glow,

As proud Columbia takes her hand
And speaks : "He was a noble son ;
His splendid life, his work, "well done,"
Will glory shed upon each land.

“As dear and true he was to me
As bravest son I ever bore ;
Enchained and wronged upon thy shore,
On mine be worshipped Liberty.

“He brought no treason in his heart ;
No trumpet patriot was he,
Proclaiming deathless love for me,
But selling in the highest mart.

“O Erin ! on from age to age
His growing fame secure will be ;
In Poet-Patriot history
His name shall gild a leading page.

“Then cease to weep, he is not dead,
But risen to a higher sphere ;
Our highest tribute to him here
The wreath shall type that crowns his head.”

Charles F. Kickham.

WHAT! Kickham dead?—another harp-
string still,
That poured to liberty the purest song;
Another hand that touched with master skill,
And traced in burning truth our country's
wrong—

Another star, that shone throughout the night
And beamed the brightest when despair was
nigh,
(Ah! quenched will soon be every beacon light,)
Has fallen, Erin! from thy darkening sky!

The tears of sorrow for a Daughter dead,
Though yet undried within the nation's eye—
Ah! must we mourn so soon *his* spirit fled,
That woke our laughter and our deepest sigh!

The pure in spirit, strong in patriot zeal,
Who gave his country all that he possessed,
A brilliant genius—heart as true as steel,
A soul exalted—now fore'er at rest!

That he was valiant, e'en his foes confessed,
That he was honest—ask the prison cell !
He fought her battles—she is unredressed !
He is a victor, for he, fighting, fell.

Oh ! strong my faith, but ah ! when one by one
I mark the heroes drop along the way ;
I feel like one benighted and alone,
When moon nor star gives forth a cheering
ray.

And is he dead ? no ! no ! he cannot die
While live the tones that his proud harp
strings gave,
For now they thunder up to God on high,
(Or murmur sweetly by each hill and wave !

While e'er a heart doth throb for native land,
Or honest Patriot can grasp a spear ;
Shall Ireland sorrow for thy spirit grand,
'Thy mem'ry live within our bosoms here.

Major Grady.

THOUGH silent and bitter the tears that we
shed,
We weep not, brave Grady, because thou art
dead;
But we sorrow and moan that the "land of the
free"
Would martyr a patriot-hero like thee!

Ah! sad is the thought, and 'twill ever enwind
With the cypress and laurel the soul and the
mind
Of the friends who beheld thee go forth in thy
might
To battle for Liberty, Justice and Right.

True son of a race that yet never knew fear,
Amid thunder of cannon or lightning of spear;
That, ever undaunted, rushed on to defend
The honor of Nation, of flag, or of friend.

MAJOR GRADY.

Oh ! had thy bold spirit from earth taken flight,
Where the billows of battle rolled down from
each height ;
Or, had'st thou been smitten when fronting the
foe,
Our hearts were not wrapped in the garments of
woe

But to Fame and to Freedom thou dost now be-
long ;
And Honor and Valor shall guard thee from
wrong ;
And Truth, in her record of Liberty's fight,
Shall blazon thy glory with pencil of light.

Caed Mille Failthe.

Read at the Reception to Miss Maud Gonne, Columbia Theatre,
Boston, December 19, 1897.

HAIL to thee, hail to thee, daughter of Erin !
Friend to the lowly, the poor and oppress-
ed !

Caed mille failthe ! brave heart and unfearing,
Liberty clasps thee with joy to her breast.
True thou hast been to the cause of our sireland,
True to thy mission to rend her cursed chain ;
Here to the shore of the greater new Ireland,
Caed mille failthe, again and again !

High in the court of thy Country's oppressor,
Mightst thou have dallied in downy repose ;
Thrilled by the wrongs that degrade and distress
her,

Grand, in rebellion, thy spirit arose.
Mighty and grand as the maiden immortal,
Rending the mail-girded foemen of France,
Onward thou sweepst to liberty's portal,
Cheering thy people's triumphant advance.

CAED MILLE FAILTHE.

Weep, let the weak at thy heartrending story,
Falter the coward when patriots call :
Records of Erin so thrilling and gory,
Weaponed battalions must wipe out them all !
'Trenched on the hills of our motherland, bleed-
ing,
Fronting the ranks of her treacherous foe,
Tongue of the musket must utter our pleading,—
Thunder a language that tyrants shall know !

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

(Murdered by England, Nov. 23. 1867.)

I N every land beneath the skies
Wherever throbs an Irish breast,
To-day a prayer to God will rise
The martyred heroes' souls to rest,
Who six and twenty years ago
Proclaimed, upon the gallows tree,
Full in the teeth of Ireland's foe,
The gospel of the brave and free.

Mid bristling steel and vengeful foes
That cold November morn they stood,
And fearless spake their country's woes
While tyrants thirsted for their blood.
"Vile England, murder us," they said,
"But vengeance yet will grasp a brand
And death will reap a harvest dread,
Across the bosom of thy land!"

Adown the current of the years
Their precious blood is borne along,
Till, mingled with a nation's tears,
It surges now a sea of wrong.

Some day 'twill rise in fearful wrath
And sweep the yielding banks away—
Ah! Saxon, change thy crime-paved path
Ere it's too late the tide to stay!

The calm is now; the storm is near;
Revenge is waiting not asleep;
Our wrongs have grown too great to bear,
And Justice has no tears to weep.
The shroudless victims of your crime
From out their holy graves to-day
Call to the Gael, in every clime,
To sweep your tyrant rule away.

O Allen, Larkin and O'Brien!
Immortal heroes! names of light!
Your deathless words like beacons shine
To guide our steps to freedom's height;
And when our banner, streaming free,
Is planted on each Irish hill,
Emblazoned on its folds shall be
Your dying prayer to guard it still!

Released—August, 1896.

AT last they're free! the gallant ones, their
bondage night is done,
Their prison cells are open wide, they now can
face the sun.

But, God! how lone and desolate the threshold
where they stand—
Old friends are dead and times are changed—
they're strangers in the land!

With pallid face and sunken eye, and shattered
health and mind,
They totter from the prison door—an early
grave to find.
Upon their bent and withered forms the people
shud'ring gaze,
And ask aloud, "Are these the men we knew in
other days?"

Great God! what awful punishment, what tor-
ture, changed them so?
Was it the years of wild despair, or brutal jail-
or's blow?

Could man to man be so unjust, so savage and
unkind ?

But they are free—ay ! free to die—a wreck in
soul and mind !

You, Irishmen ! who prattle loud of “peace” and
“British faith,”

Behold these seared and broken forms outflung
to living death.

Think, if you can, their late release is token of
good will—

That England means to right the past and grant
you justice still.

O blind and brutal England ! now drunk with
wine of pride,

Behold thy waning greatness and thy fortune’s
ebbing tide !

Think of the awful coming day when, through
thy shattered square,

The Irish millions, vengeance led, a lightning
bolt shall tear.

Shamrocks from Ireland.

SWEET sister, oh, sweet sister ! send, oh, send
 across the sea,
For the coming Patrick's morning, send some
 shamrocks green to me,
How I'll prize them from thee, sister, God alone
 can ever know,
For I love them, oh, I love them, and the land
 in which they grow.

Yes, old Erin's faithful daughter, wheresoe'er
 the exiles stray,
Whether in the ice-bound Arctic, where there's
 but one night and day,
Or beside the gates of morning, or where day's
 light sinks to rest,
The green shamrock hills of Erin fond are
 treasured in each breast.

And thy name, sweet sainted sister, in the South,
 North, East and West,
Of all Erin's faithful children, is beloved the
 dearest, best ;

SIAMROCKS FROM IRELAND.

And thy voice, wherever echoed, ever more thy
name endears,
And the weary-hearted exile cheers or floats his
eyes in tears.

But thy letter, ah ! to read it—the sad tale of
Erin's woes —
The long suffering of her children, the in-
justice of her foes ;
'Thy great efforts to redress them in the past
and present years —
Ah ! 'twould wring from hearts of iron floods of
salt and scalding tears.

And they threaten thee with murder ? Oh,
most valiant men and brave !
Land of warriors and of heroes ! Land that
never nursed a slave !
What ? A proud and mighty empire on which
never sets the sun
Claims the honor first to threaten murder to a
saintly nun !

And the cause ! Oh, mankind, hear it ! Hear it,
God in heaven above !
That she strove to feed through famine years,
the hungry of her love ;

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Told the kind and list'ning world how the land-
lords flung the poor,
When they had no more to plunder, starving,
naked from their door.

And they'll murder thee for telling? By that
God that made us all —
By the grave of every martyr, from Cork's Cove
to Donegal,
By our hopes and by our sorrows, if they lay a
hand on thee,
All the world cannot save them from being
swept into the sea.

For, though Ireland is down-trodden, robbed,
and starved and begging there,
And her tyrants fast have bound her— even
taxed the very air;
Though her sons are broken-hearted, and are
driven to despair,
To avenge thee, noble sister, there's an Ireland
everywhere.

And you say, dear, loving sister—glorious news
for all and me,
Who were forced by law-made famine, from
their country o'er the sea,

SHAMROCKS FROM IRELAND.

And who're ever longing, longing, that bright
land again to see—
Though they've taxed the periwinkles, still the
shamrocks yet are free.

Then, while they're free, oh, send me, for the
coming Patrick's Day
One bright wreath, and night and morning ever,
ever shall I pray
That you'll rise as bright and happy as the sun
yet ever rose,
On the wings of glorious triumph, o'er your
mean, unmanly foes.

(I write to ask those of your readers who wish for shamrocks from Ireland for St. Patrick's day to give me timely notice. Dean Swift said that the only thing in Ireland not taxed in his day was the air. Well, that is taxed now, as far as possible, for an attempt has been made by our paternal government to prevent meetings in the open air for the discussion of Irish grievances. But the shamrocks, as yet, are free. Let me add that even this may not continue, since periwinkles have been taxed by an Irish landlord — *Sister Mary Francis Clare's Letter to the Boston Globe.*)

A Shamrock from the Irish Shore.

SWEET Shamrock from the Irish shore !

O triple leaf ! beloved by me,
I clasp thee to my heart once more,
And kiss with joy thy verdancy.

And as I gaze upon each stem
Late rooted in my native clay,
With tearful eyes I pray to Him
To roll my country's clouds away.

I feel like shouting o'er the main
To bid my countrymen arise
And rend the foul, accursed chain
That binds her—weeping—'neath the skies ;
And place her on the throne of light
Where she sat proudly long ago,
Ere Saxon fraud and brutal might
Wrapped round her form the cloak of woe.

Dear Shamrock of my native shore !
What blissful scenes you call to view,
You open Memory's bolted door,
Revealing all I loved and knew :

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

My cottage home—the peaceful glade—
The winding stream that laughs along
Where first my ardent thoughts essayed
To soar aloft on wings of song.

Again I see the hand of Dawn
Roll back the curtains of the night,
And hill and vale, and lake and lawn,
Bathe in the flood of golden light,
I climb Keash Corran's craggy steeps
And musing sit upon his breast,
While Evening o'er the valley weeps,
And Day yields calmly to the West.

O Shamrock from the Irish shore !
Immortal soul of minstrelsy !
I press thee to my lips once more
And dream my native land is free.
Oh ! may the sun of Freedom's day
Uprise and bless thee with his light,
Kiss from thine eyes the tears away—
The symbols of thy bitter night !

Dear Shamrock of My Native Vale.

DEAR Shamrock of my native vale !
What treasured memories throng around
Of mountain, hill and flowery dale,
Of spreading mead, and storied mound,
Of fragrant groves, where minstrelsy
Of Nature's songsters thrills the gale,
As fondly, now, I gaze on thee,
Dear Shamrock of my native vale !

Again I view the laughing stream
That glides my native cot before ;
Upon its banks I sit and dream
The dreams of boyhood o'er and o'er ;
I join the headlong, careless throng
In games made famous by the Gael,
Each time I look thy leaves among,
Dear Shamrock of my native vale !

And father's voice and mother's smile,
And brothers, sisters, cherished dear,
The friends whose words were free from guile,
The comrades true from year to year ;

DEAR SHAMROCK OF MY NATIVE VALE.

Again I hear, again I see—

Oh, may such memories never fail! —
While to my heart I'm pressing thee
Dear Shamrock of my native vale!

And Hope, once dead, triumphant cries,
Though rent by hand of Destiny,
The Gael shall yet all potent rise
Linked in the chain of unity;
And sweep the foe from land and sea,
And crown with Freedom Innisfail: —
Thus Hope to me, while kissing thee,
Sweet Shamrock of my native vale!

St. Patrick's Day.

A WAKE from your slumbers, brave sons of
the Gael !

The night is retiring, the daylight is near ;
The music of Erin floats wild on the gale,
Proclaiming the day of St. Patrick is here !

Awake from your dreaming, come forth in your
pride,
And join in the march 'neath the banner of
green ;
Let enemies frown, and let bigots deride—
The glory of Erin to-day must be seen.

Wherever the day-god looks down from his
home—
In forest or city or out on the sea—
(Alas ! the poor exiles must everywhere roam)
Thy sons, beloved Erin, are thinking of thee.

'They're longing and pining for that coming day
When thy chains shall be rent, thy oppressors
must flee ;

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

When they'll march through thy valleys in martial array,
And the moans of the starving no longer shall be.

Awake from your slumbers, you're dreaming too long!

Has ever such dreaming a nation made free?
Ah! dreaming will never right poor Erin's wrong—

The sooner you know it the better 'twill be.

The *moment* is come in our land's saddened story,

The *time* when each true son must play a brave part;
Shall we preach the old sermon or rush on to glory?

Who falters has in him a traitorous heart!

St. Patrick's Day Toasts.

OH! here's to green Erin, the place of my
birth!
The sweetest and fairest of lands on the earth,
And soon may she spring, in her olden-time
glow,
Enfranchised and strong from the grasp of her
foe!

And here's to the valiant, who battled and bled
To lift the green high o'er the Sassenach red!
That ever to country and freedom were true,
Who tyrants might crush but could never
subdue!

And here's to the living—wide rendered apart,
But fixed in their love as the blood to the heart!
Oh! theirs is the duty to dare and to do,
The glory and fame of our land to renew!

And here's to "Old Glory," and long may it
wave,
The symbol of all that is dear to the brave!

ST PATRICK'S DAY TOASTS.

May the vengeance of God blast the hand that
would mar
The sanctified sheen of each stripe and each
star !

And here's to the heroes who bore it along,
And trampled sedition, enslavement and wrong ;
Oh ! proud is the boast, but who'll dare to deny
That Irishmen battled to keep it on high !

Oh ! here's once again to our own mother isle,
And soon may contentment and peace on her
smile ;
All tyrants must perish and kings pass away,
But love for thee, Erin, will never decay.

The Gallant Ninth.

Read at presentation of the American and Irish Flags to the Ninth Regiment, M. V. M., Camp Dewey, Framingham, May 29, 1898.

GALLANT Ninth of Massachusetts ! you have
heard the bugle-call
Ringing out from Freedom's rampart—from the
Nation's sea-girt wall ;
You have answered to the summons and await
the last command
Ere you rush away to battle, with the foemen of
our land.

Lo ! this flag ordained in heaven — given by an
angel bright
To the chosen sons of valor, in their struggle
for the right.
You must bear it on its mission though the
universe defy—
Onward bear it, and defend it, and beneath it
win or die !

THE GALLANT NINTH.

Gallant Ninth ! this sacred banner erst your
noble fathers bore,
And it streamed a dread defiance where the
foeman's bullets tore !
Like a meteor, through the tempest, blazed it
over Malvern height,
Where the noble Cass lay bleeding, and brave
Guiney led the fight.

Bogan ! take this starry banner — it is dear to
your command !
Take this green and golden symbol of another
stricken land !
Bear them where the fight is fiercest, bring them
back without a stain,
And remember Mother Erin in your vengeance
for the Maine !

Spread the Light.

SPREAD the Light! Spread the Light, in
Erin o'er the sea!
Spread the Light both day and night till
Motherland is free;
Spread the Light, my countrymen! in village
and in town,
Till by its rays our country's wrongs for centuries
be known.

Spread the Light, Spread the Light, in Erin
o'er the sea!
Till every heart is lit with love of home and
liberty;
Spread the Light, and friends unite, and Erin
soon shall stand
Amid the nations of the earth a free and happy
land.

SPREAD THE LIGHT.

Spread the Light--the glorious Light of Liberty
and Peace—

And soon in Erin of the streams all tyranny
shall cease ;

Spread the Light ! our land 'twill right—her ty-
rants quake with fear—

Their acts won't bear the light of day, and day
is drawing near !

The Dog of Aughrim.

The battle of Aughrim was fought at the pass of Urrachree, on Sunday, July 12, 1691. The Williamite army, under Ginckle, consisted of 45,000 horse and foot; the Irish force under St. Ruth, was about 15,000, and had only nine field pieces. The Williamites were thrice driven, with great slaughter, from their positions, when St. Ruth was killed by a cannon ball. To reap the glory, he had kept the plan of battle to himself, and when he fell the Irish were without a leader. Throughout the battle the gallant Sarsfield, with half the troops, was compelled to remain idle and ignorant of all. Many Irish regiments, scorning to fly, were slaughtered to a man; and their dead bodies, stripped of everything by the Williamites, were left unburied on the field. There is a true and remarkable story of a wolf dog belonging to an Irish officer killed in the battle, whose body the dog guarded, night and day, and would not allow anybody to disturb the remains. He would go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and return to the place where his master lay to resume his watch. Thus he continued for months, when one of Colonel Foulke's soldiers, going that way by chance, unslung his piece and shot the faithful sentinel dead upon the bones of his master.

“THE day is ours, my gallant men,” cried brave
but vain St. Ruth,
“We win a deathless victory for liberty and
truth;
This land we'll wrest from William's grasp,
though we're but one to three,
And make his crew remember long the pass of
Urrachree.

“All day with myriad cannon have they poured
the fierce attack;
With valor and the naked sword, thrice have we
flung them back.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

They're beaten, boys ! they're beaten. Still un-
sheath your swords again
And on them like an avalanche, and sweep them
from the plain."

Like thunderbolt upon the foe the Irish column
sped,
Athlone's deep stain to wash away, St. Ruth is
at the head.
On, onward rolls that wave of death. O God !
what means that cry ?
St. Ruth, the brave, upon his steed sits headless
'neath the sky !

"Oh ! where's the gallant Sarsfield now ? Is
victory defeat ?
O God ! in mercy strike us dead, 'twere better
than retreat.
Where ! where is Limerick's hero brave ? " the
chiefless soldiers cry,
And scorning flight, they wait the dawn to give
them light to die.

"No quarter !" was the slogan of the Williamites
that day,
And graveless lay the murdered brave, to dogs
and thieves a prey.

AT THE GATES OF NOON

But even dogs more sacred held the dying and
the slain,
Than Ginckle and his hireling hordes on Augh-
rim's bloody plain.

When Saxon fiends the scene of death and rob-
bery had fled,
An Irish wolf-dog sought his lord 'mid heaps of
pilfered dead,
And strove, with more than human love to rob
death of his prize,
Then moaned a dirge above his breast, and
kissed his lips and eyes.

The July sun shone fiercely down upon that
corpse-strewn plain,
Where bird and beast of air and field devoured
the naked slain.
But faithful still, the wolf-dog stood, 'mid sav-
age growls and groans,
To guard alike, from man and beast, his well-
loved master's bones.

And Autumn pencilled Summer's bloom in tints
of gold and red,
And Winter, over hill and dale, a ghostly mantle
spread ;

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

The weird winds wailed across the moor and
moaned adown the dell;
Yet guarded well that noble dog his master
where he fell.

Spring timidly was glancing down upon that
spreading plain,
Where, seven months, Death's sentinel, the
faithful dog had lain,
When carelessly across the fields a British sol-
dier trod
And halted near the only bones remaining on
the sod.

Up sprang the faithful wolf-dog then—he knew
a foe was near,
And feared that foe would desecrate the bones
he loved so dear.
Fierce and defiant there he stood; the soldier,
seized with dread,
Took aim and fired—the noble dog fell on his
master—dead!

A Picture of Irish History.

I.

DARK woe o'er Erin hangs its sombre veil,
And wails and curses pierce the ambient
gale ;

Despair and Murder hover o'er the land,
And outlawed Justice grasps her fiery brand.

Sweet Peace, affrighted, quits the dreadful
scene,

And grim-faced Misery darkens all the green ;
Pale-burning Hate lights up each sunken eye,
And fiendish Bigotry stands grinning nigh.

The kindly peasant views his home ablaze,
His kindred outraged 'fore his tortured gaze ;
The fruit of toil swept off for unjust tax,
His recompense, the pitch-cap and the axe.

The priest by bloodhounds hunted from the
fane,

The great reward, his hated head to gain ;
Religion mocked at, and a well-soaped rope
For all who are *believed* to love the Pope.

A PICTURE OF IRISH HISTORY.

Ah ! who would dare to call his soul his own !
Dread crime and bribery, their crop have sown ;
The fiends impatient for the coming fruit
Ere it has ripened, steal the stem and root.

Free speech is strangled, even hope is fled,
And shackled liberty lies almost dead ;
With altered eye the sun beholds the green
When great O'Connell looms upon the scene.

II.

Erect and towering as the mountain pine,
He stands and muses on the land's decline ;
The gathering clouds upon his massive brow
Proclaim the conflict fast approaching now.

As wolves affrighted seek the mountain cave,
When downward thunders jagged rock and
 wave !

As cowards tremble 'neath the hero's lance,
The foe recoils before his lightning glance.

As traveler shudders in the starless night,
When some great meteor flashes on his sight,
And heaven thunders, all the earth replies,
So shake the tyrants in wild, mute surprise.

AT THE GATES OF NOON

The baffled monster sees his rule is o'er,
And trembling hurries to another shore,
Or in the pest-well of foul shame and sin,
Mokanna-like to hide him, plunges in.

He speaks—a nation to his standard flies,
The sun looks smiling from the bending skies ;
The vales and mountains in a shout of glee
Re-echo back, “ *Emancipated be!*”

To rend the hated and oppressive chains
That bind his land, *now* every nerve he strains.
The monsters, Fraud and Bribery, to kill,
Tho' unsuccessful, yet a victor still.

III.

What mean the trumpet and the clarion's note,
That shrill and clear upon the morning float—
The ringing clatter of the horses' tread,
The gay procession winding far ahead—

These banners waving in the pulsing air,
The green and orange mingled friendly there?
Why bare their heads as slowly on they come,
And gaze with moistened eyes on Desmond's*
home ?

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

A PICTURE OF IRISH HISTORY.

Is it a vision of great eighty-two,
Or the Volunteers sprung to life anew ?
Has Emmet started from his scrolless grave,
Or Wolfe Tone bid again his pennons wave ?

And yet no cannons frown on either side
As on they march in martial pomp and pride ;
No glittering spear reflects the noontide beam —
'Tis not a vision—not a passing dream.

Behold yon shaft that lifts its head on high,
Though muffled yet Olympian brow and eye.
There, like the stars that circle 'round the sun,
They come to honor Ireland's greatest ONE.

Unveil that brow ! and let the eagle eye
Gaze on the scene of triumphs laughing nigh ;
Inspire the land to battle bravely on,
Till o'er the mountains flashes freedom's dawn.

Famine in Ireland.

A GAIN, alas ! is heard the cry
Up-pealing through the Irish sky,
“Gaunt Famine stalks with frenzied eye
From strand to strand,
And breadless babes and mothers die
Throughout the land.”

While in his van with axe and flame
The men to terrify and tame,
The crowbar brigands march and claim
The yearly store
To feed the landlords' dogs and game
On foreign shore.

And is there not a hand to save
The victims from starvation's grave ?
Among the slaves, one tearless slave
With unbent knees,
Who'd even from the masters crave
The dregs and lees ?

One man in either warring band
That claims to represent the land,
To bravely bid the people stand
 And hold their own ?
Great God ! is manhood from the strand
 Forever flown ?

Ah ! fondly I had hugged the thought
The awful past a lesson taught,
At least a little reason brought
 To sire and son—
They'd act as men and brothers ought
 Till right was won.

Vain dream ! The ghosts of millions dead,
Upstarting from the ditches' bed,
The thousands howling now for bread
 In vain appeal ;
They stand bewildered, faction led,
 While robbers steal.

Unhappy land ! What was thy crime,
Committed ere recorded time ?
Thy sons, heroic, rise sublime
 Where'er they roam ;
And right the wrongs of every clime
 But thine, at home !

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Yet thou hadst sons like brave O'Neil,
Whose thunderous charge and lightning steel
Oft made the Saxon foemen reel
 Upon thy plain ;
And sons shall waken freedom's peal
 For thee again.

And sons thou hadst in ninety-eight,
Who wept blood tears at thy sad state,
And toiled to rend the chain of hate
 And make thee free ;
And though they could not conquer fate,
 They died for thee.

My motherland ! I see thee still
Rag-garmented upon the hill,
Or lonely roaming by some rill,
 In grief bowed down.
Ah, had I power to back my will,
 Thou'dst wear thy crown.

Erin's Appeal.

O MEN of the Irish race !
And friends that are tried and true !
Erin turns her tear-stained face
Again in appeal to you.
She stands on the brow of day—
Behind is the sable night ;
Before, the uncertain way,
Half dim in the dawning light.

“O give me your aid ! ’ she cries,
“The might of your tongue and brain ;
Dark woe on my people lies,
And ’round them a rusty chain !
One step and we greet the day ;
The chain from each limb unbind—
O give me your aid, I pray !
The strength of each tongue and mind.”

O men of the Celtic race,
And friends of a deathless Right !
And thou, with majestic pace
That ledest the march of light !

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

O haters of wrong and crime,
And lovers of liberty,
True and brave of every clime,
What—what—will your answer be?

O will it be weak and cold,
Or thrilling with strength and cheer,
Giving back the hope of old
To that land long chained in fear?
Speak now, or never again,
Dare claim that your souls are free!
That Isle in the 'circling main
Has your honest sympathy.

A Plea for Unity.

OH for the days—the grand old days—when
Ireland's sons were one !
Oh for the chiefs—the peerless chiefs—who led
the people on !
When every sun, from rath and dun, saw free-
dom's flag unfurled ;
And Learning's blaze sent Christian rays to
light the pagan world.

Alas ! these days—these warring days—ah, sad
it is to see
The people's right, the people's might, rent by
disunity !
The foe is bold, our leaders cold, and jealousy
holds sway,
The master mind, the ranks to bind, is not with
us to-day.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Let us again, my countrymen, unto ourselves be
true,
Renew the days—the deathless days—when Ire-
land glory knew ;
Unite, unite, our wrongs to right, and let our
motto be :
“Faith, unity,” from sea to sea, “and Christian
charity.”

Men of Ireland.

MEN of Ireland ! shrined in story
Are the deeds of fame and glory
Wrought in battle fierce and gory,
By your sires of old ;
Say, will you like slaves surrender
That rare heritage of splendor,
Country bleeds, will you defend her
Like your fathers bold ?

Proud their flag uprearing,
Death they faced unfearing,
Can you be their progeny
And prove untrue to Erin ?
Swear by wrongs of tearful ages,
By the graves of martyred sages—
Crimes that stain her story's pages,
Country to uphold !

Men of Ireland, hunger-haunted !
Weaponed like your sires undaunted,
Rise and rend the foemen vaunted,
Sweep them from your shore ;

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

And with love and hope undying,
'Mid the people's joyful crying
Fling your ancient flag outflying,
To the breeze once more.

Better dead or dying
On the hillside lying
'Mid the brave, than live a slave
The tyrants' needs supplying ;
Onward ! did your fathers falter ?
On ! for God's and Freedom's altar ;
Strike—for crimes of rack and halter,
Strike—till wrong is o'er !

Self-Reliance.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells,
In native swords and native ranks,
Your only hope of freedom dwells.—BYRON.

OH would that Ireland's sons would take
This glorious lesson once to heart,
And from the sleep of bondage wake,
And on the road to freedom start.
Oh would at last they learned to know,
If they would bid the foe defiance,
And ever strike a winning blow,
Their hope and shield is Self-Reliance!

'Tis well to win the stranger's ear,
'Tis good to have a nation—friend,
But when the storm king rages near
Can foreign friendship shelter send?
Have ships on ev'ry sea to ride,
Be versed in all the "modern science,"
The rock, when rolls war's dreadful tide,
That will resist, is Self-Reliance.

AT THE GATES OF NOON

In years gone by our fathers tried
To break the chain that binds our land,
The foe that now assails defied,
And nobly bared the gleaming brand,
But, though they braver were than we,
And then the foe was less defiant,
Their struggles ended wretchedly,
And why? They were not Self-Reliant.

Then take a lesson from the past,
And though yours be a mighty foe
Defeated she must sink at last
'Neath a united people's blow.
For never yet has history shown
By ancient force or "modern science,"
A state or nation overthrown
Whose motto had been Self-Reliance.

Oh God! it pains my soul to hear
That still there live in that green land
Degenerate sons, who quake with fear
To see their brothers grasp the brand;
Who'd rather crawl in servile dust,
Than rise and bid the foe defiance —
Who think it sin her chains to burst
And sneer and jeer at Self-Reliance.

SELF-RELIANCE.

But onward ! Sons of Innisfail !

The bright and glorious goal is nearing,
On mountain top and down the vale

Behold hope's rays at last appearing.
Let cowards mock ! let cravens fear !

We'll use for Freedom each appliance,
The dawn is here, the skies grow clear
If in your heart be Self-Reliance.

ROSCOMMON'S Welcome to Parnell.

CAED mille failthe ! Ireland's hope and Eng-
land's steadfast foe,
Caed mille failthe to the West, thou soother of
our woe !
Oh, how our inmost hearts are filled with pride
and honest glee,
The poor man's friend, the tyrant's foe, amongst
us here to see

From towering heath-robed Corleus, to Mul-
lagh's craggy side,
From Galway's fair and spreading meads to
stately Shannon's tide,
From peasant's cot and lordly dome, the young
man and the gray,
We come, with banners, swelling strains, to
welcome you to-day.

Yes, in our tens of thousands strong, of every
class and creed
(Though other things we differ in, in this we
have agreed ;)

ROSCOMMON'S WELCOME TO PARNELL.

We're here, the archèd sky our roof, the listen-
ing world to tell,
We're grateful for your noble acts, and that we
love you well.

For where's the land beneath the sky that has
not on its breast,
By tyrants driven from their homes, some exiles
from the West ?
And where's the land beneath the sky that has
not heard thy fame ?
Or Irish heart but treasures well thy highly
honored name ?

Oh, if our prayer can pierce yon sky and reach
His ear above,
Or if the love we bear to thee can our great
Father move,
To Him we'll pray both night and day to shield
thee with His hand,
And leave thee, Parnell, long to us and our be-
loved land.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

THE A. O. H., the A. O. H., God bless it
 night and day,
And may the angels guide and guard and keep
 it from decay.
Oh, may it grow from age to age in strength
 and unity,
And link the Gael in friendship's chain and
 Christian charity !

In evil days, when Ireland sank immersed in
 Penal gloom,
It rose the messenger of Hope from out the
 Nation's tomb,
Stood strong as granite battlement around the
 stricken Gael,
And scourged full oft in breach and field the
 bloodhounds of the Pale.

It held aloft the torch of faith and morals in
 the land,
And guarded well the hunted priest when Erin's
 creed was bann'd.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

The magic tongue of bard and chief, the golden
Celtic lore,
It snatched from out oblivion's grave to live for
evermore.

It clasps the exile to its breast beneath whatever
sky,
Relieves the widow in distress and dries the or-
phan's eye.
The poor, the friendless and the sick receive its
tender care,
And for its dead ascends to God its daily fervent
prayer.

Ere spoke the guns of Lexington across the sea
it came,
The foeman heard on Bunker Hill and trembled
at its name.
On field and flood, Columbia! wherever thun-
dered Mars,
To glory, fame and victory it bore the Stripes
and Stars.

And in the future as the past 'twill battle in the
van
For justice, right and liberty for every creed and
clan ;

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

As faithful guard the starry flag on its adopted
strand

As ever did its valiant sires the green on native
land.

The A. O. H., the A. O. H., God bless it night
and day !

And may the angels guide and guard and keep
it from decay !

Still may it grow, from age to age, in strength
and unity,

And link the Gael in friendship's chain and
Christian charity.

**Lines Suggested by the Opera
of "Brian Boru."**

I SAW brave Brian Boru to-day
Lead on his clans in bright array,
And though it was in mimic play,
My soul was thrilled
To see the harp and sunburst fly
Uncrowned, beneath the Irish sky :
The victor-chiefs all gathered nigh—
My dream fulfilled.

The past unrolled its page to me—
Not that retraced by bigotry,
But truth's own tale of chivalry
And high emprise
Clontarf beheld upon her plain
When sank the stormy-hearted Dane—
To never rise nor fight again
'Neath Irish skies.

And as I mused upon each line
Where Erin's ancient glories shine,
I sorrowed for my land's decline—
Her ceaseless woe !

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Still Hope triumphant in my breast
Cried, "Sons heroic yet shall wrest
Her lawful right and queenly crest,
From Saxon foe."

O God ! it is a splendid sight,
When rush the chivalry and might
Of ancient Erin to the fight
Their king before ;
With banners streaming high and free,
Kissed by the winds of liberty,
While, bannerless, the British flee
From hill and shore.

Oh ! would that it were fact, not play !
Oh ! would that I could see the day
The Saxon hordes were swept away
From my dear land !
When, at free Erin's trumpet call,
The chiefs and clans would gather all,
And wake again, through 'Tara's hall,
The music grand !

The House of Lords Must Go.

SHOUT the cry from hill and valley,
In the workshop and the store,
Let it ring through street and alley,
From the centre to the shore.
Swell it loud, ye friends of Freedom !
Be you Irishmen or no,
That the people must have justice,
And the House of Lords must go !

Through the ages we have suffered
And most humbly bent the knee,
Pleaded with our pampered masters,
For relief and liberty.
With contempt and sneer they've answered,
Aye ! and often with a blow ! —
Slaves, or men ! will this continue ?
Do I hear you answer, No !

'Twas but yesterday we asked them
For that holy human right,
That was given to all people
When the Great God gave them light.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

With a scornful "no" they answered,
Ah! how long will this be so?
Men! Awake! We must have freedom,
And the lazy lords must go!

Yes, arise! and by the millions
Who have vainly cried for bread!
By the bones that lie uncoffined,
In the ocean's slimy bed!
By the famine-murdered parents!
And the outraged sisters, swear!
Tyrant rule, class domination,
Must be ended everywhere!

At Last.

(England is on her knees in the Transvaal. For once she pleads, not for justice, but for mercy for her sons. For once she admits that though justice may be all right, it is not always the best thing. It took many warnings to reveal her position to her, but at last she understands.—*Cablegram to Daily Press.*)

O GOD be praised ! mine eyes have seen the
joyful day at last !

Mine ears have drunk the thrilling news re-
echoed in the blast !

The robber of the poor and weak in every land
and sea,

For life and mercy humbly pleads, on lowly-
bended knee.

Perfidious Britannia ! thou curse of every clime !
There couldst not be a God of right if lasting
was thy crime ;

The Godhead spoke ; thy galling yoke melts
from each neck away,

And thou, by every land despised, standst fear-
fully at bay.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Glory to God! the plundered now will have
their own again,
And deep revenge will doubly pay for centuries
of pain!
The mercy which you never gave and which
you crave to-day
Avenging swords will only grant when ended is
thy sway.

From north and south and east and west, from
mountain, lake and sea,
Wherever tossed thy blighting flag of fraud and
treachery;
Wherever pressed by pirate feet to pillage and
to slay,
A prayer and hope to God ascends for thy de-
feat to-day.

Belovèd Erin! Motherland! My tearful queen!
My own!
Betrayed, reviled and battle-scarred, long exiled
from thy throne,
What mercy did the tyrant grant to all thy
pleading tears?
What justice to thy children wronged through
many hundred years?

AT LAST.

Arise, Lord Edward ! Brother Shears ! Rise true
and lofty Tone !
Immortal Emmet ! martyr boy, from 'neath thy
scrolless stone !
Come Allen, Larkin and O'Brien from out your
quick-lime grave
And tell of England's mercy and the justice
that she gave !

Up from the bosom of the deep, ye shroudless
thousands come,
By sword and famine forced to flee from kindred
and from home !
Arise ! ye millions starved to death, while ship-
loads left your land,
And point to-day to England vile, the grim,
accusing hand !

Glory to God ! the plundered now will have
their own again ;
And sweet revenge will doubly pay for centuries
of pain !
The mercy which she never gave and which she
craves to-day,
Avenging swords will only grant when ended is
her sway !

Vow of the Exiled Celt.

I WILL not curse the Saxon land,
Nor will I curse the Saxon men,
Though I'm an exile, banished, banned,
And ne'er can see my land again ;
Though childhood's home was razed to earth
By fiendish laws and fiendish men,
I will not curse their acts nor birth—
God knows their wealth of crime and sin.

But hate them, yes ! With deadly hate,
While e'er within my heart or veins
One ruddy drop does circulate,
One flickering ray of life remains.
And I will feed that deathless hate
With every crime and every wrong
Inflicted on my land, to date,
Since Saxon trod its hills among !

I have no other aim in life
Than to avenge my country's past ;
Than nerve my brothers for the strife—
The strife, thank God ! approaching fast :

VOW OF THE EXILED CELT.

Than plant in them the same deep hate.

My foe has been my brother's foe,
My fate has been a million's fate—
How easy then the seed to sow !

Vile Saxon ! Didst thou yet begin
To con the debt you'll have to pay
When millions of my countrymen
Will seek revenge the reaping day ?
And oh ! that day's not distant now—
The dawn's first glimmer gilds the sky ;
I read it in each knitted brow,
I see it in each brother's eye.

And, when it comes, let no man yield ;
We will not, cannot, mercy show ;
Our fathers' blood from every field,
From every stream, would thunder, "No !"
Would cry : "They never justice gave
To hoary head or lisping child,
Roll on them like an earthquake wave,
Too long our land they have defiled."

The Exile to His Son.

ON a shelving cliff by the restless sea
The exile sat at the close of day,
In the great broad land of the brave and free,
Where starry flags in the breezes play ;
And sad he seemed, and old and weak,
Though scarce past life's meridian day ;
The shade of death was on his cheek,
His brow was ridged, his locks were gray.

Low at his feet reclined a boy—
A blue-eyed boy with golden hair,
The exile's pride and only joy ;
And, wise was he, and brave as fair.
He gazed into his father's face
And mutely drank each word he said ;
Like wind-swept cloudlet's shadow chase,
Unconscious flushes came and fled.

THE EXILE TO HIS SON.

“Thirty years,” the old man cried,
“Ay, thirty weary years this day,
Since, leaning o’er the big ship’s side,
I watched loved Erin fade away.
Oh! looked she then so bright and grand,
Dressed in the flowery robes of May,
The bridegroom Ocean, with his hand
Laving her feet in milky spray!

“You wonder that I weep, my boy,
But sure you never saw that land;
Ah! you know not the wealth of joy
I buried ere I left its strand.
You’ll never know the cherished dreams
I nursed alone beside that sea,
When moonlight beams seemed sabre gleams,
And Ocean’s voice spoke Liberty.

“Where towering heath-robed Knock-na-Reagh
Majestic rises from the sea,
And sentry-like guards Sligo bay,
Our cottage nestled peacefully;
My parents, sister Nell, and me—
Ah! Nellie was the village queen—
Lived happy and contentedly,
Our home the neatest could be seen.

“The landlord came, and without cause
He cast us out one winter day—
Accursèd be their Saxon laws !
Ere night our home a ruin lay.
Beneath a hedge we made our bed,
No neighbor dared his roof to share
The morning found my parents dead,
And Nellie—moaning in despair.

“Next day, poor Nellie, raving wild,
Was placed behind the madhouse bars ;
But God was kind to the homeless child,
And took her soul beyond the stars ;
That night above my parents’ clay—
The very night poor Nellie died—
I vowed the monster vile to slay ;
I slew him in his drunken pride !

“You start—I see your horror gaze ;
Yes, murder is a dreadful thing ;
But trace the cause through all its maze,
Back to its poisoned parent spring ;
View, as I viewed, your parents slain,
Your sister in the madhouse, dead,
And no redress—a frenzied brain—
A homeless outcast, vengeance-led.”

THE EXILE TO HIS SON.

The old man paused, and sorrow's tears,
Long pent, now flowed like summer showers,
As memory ran across the years
And traced again youth's happy hours.
He shuddered, and a piercing look
The bright and gentle boy he gave ;
With firm, fierce clasp his hand he took,
As up the moon sprang from the wave.

“My boy, come swear by yonder star,
That late has seen my suffering land—
By all the wrongs that were and are,
And all my country's martyred band—
By all the torture and the pain
The tyrant caused that land and me,
You'll ever give your strength and brain
To Erin, till she's ransomed, free !”

The wind was still, the ocean spoke
In murmured whispers on the shore,
The sea-fowl scarce an echo woke,
The crag-tossed torrent ceased its roar.
Up stood the youth before his sire,
The moon gleamed on his flushing brow,
His blue eyes flashed with patriot fire,
As slow he spoke his father's vow.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Up sprang the old man from his seat,
And round the youth his arms he flung:
“*Ma bouchal bawn*, ne’er may defeat”—
No other word e’er spoke his tongue.
His arms relaxed—a gasp!—a moan!
In vain the youth raised up his head:
“Oh, father, leave me not alone!”
In vain he cried—his sire was dead!

The Dying Exile.

COME nearer, nearer to my bed,
And raise the pillow 'neath my head,
For I would speak a word to you
Ere I, forever, bid adieu.
My hours of life are numbered now,
I feel death's seal upon my brow,
And fast, before my fading sight,
The day is sinking into night.

Ah ! 'tis a lonely thing to die
Alone, beneath a foreign sky,
Afar from all you cherish dear,
With not a kindred spirit near ;
No soothing voice, nor tender hand
To quench the scorching fever brand ;
No tear to hallow parting love,
Nor prayer to waft the soul above.

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AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Ah ! this to dying adds a pain ;
Yet longer I would not remain,
And oft I sought on fields of death
A solace for my weary breath.
Wherever Freedom's banner led,
Wherever Truth and Honor bled,
My sword leaped from its scabbard bright,
And flamed the foremost in the fight.

I saw my hapless motherland
Lie bleeding 'neath the tyrant's hand :
I heard the starving orphan's cry,
Beheld the famished millions die
Along the ditches and the moor,
While ships bore plenty from the shore ;
And when I said "It must not be,"
They tortured and transported me.

Oh ! you that know the penal cell,
The monsters, more like fiends of hell
Than sons of men, who guard the chain
That links the convict to his pain ;
You, you, alone can ever say
The wrongs I suffered day by day,
Till God, in mercy, showed to me
The path that led to liberty.

THE DYING EXILE.

But freedom's naught to him who's banned
From home and love and native land,
And oh ! these ever were to me
More dear than life or liberty ;
Yet, far from all, my bones must rest,
But listen—'tis my last request,
And if you ever tread our land,
Its true fulfilment I demand.

I knew a maiden long ago,
The only daughter of my foe—
The foe of all my land and race—
The tyrant of my native place ;
But she was beautiful as day
Reposing in the arms of May,
And gentle as the balmy sigh
The blowing rosebud breathes anigh.

In her the lowly and oppressed,
The poor, the homeless and distressed,
Had ever found a gentle friend,
To soothe, to pity and defend ;
And long she labored day and night
The people's many wrongs to right,
And oft and oft she wept to see
Her tyrant father's cruelty.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Kind friend, this package take from me,
And guard it well and tenderly,
This is her name, and that the place
(Yes, she is of the Saxon race),
And if she's living, understand
I charge you place it in her hand,
But tell her not a single word
Of me, or all you now have heard.

But, if she's dead, above her breast
Just place the simple legend, "Rest."
We'll meet above— A frosty wave
Swept o'er his face tear-wet and grave,
And froze the sentence half unsaid
Most tenderly I raised his head,
But Death had touched him with his sword
And sent his spirit to its Lord.

Will I Remembered Be ?

MY love, my life, my hope, my pride,
My all on earth to me,
My native land, my childhood's home,
I leave to night and thee ;
I go to lands far, far away
Beyond the heaving sea ;
Ah ! when an exile there I stray,
Will I remembered be ?

I know my lot in that far land,
A lot of toil must be ;
Ah me ! how willing were my hand
Were all that toil for thee.
I feel thy face on earth again
I never more shall see,
But ah ! to know, will kill my pain,
That I'll remembered be.

Oh, tell me when at eventide,
Or at the noon of day,
The slowly-winding Suck beside,
You sit or musing stray,

AT THE GATES OF NOON

Where we first wove our web of love
In wildest ecstasy,
And vowed to ever faithful prove—
Will I remembered be ?

Or when in halls of mirth and light
You mingle with the brave,
They tell you of the glorious fight
They fought their land to save ;
And when they whisper low and sweet
Their tale of love to thee,
With lips well practised in deceit,
Will I remembered be ?

Yon moon that now from heaven's floor
Smiles down upon this scene,
Will cease its silvery flood to pour
On lake and valley green ;
Those bright and trembling stars will set,
This bower will withered be ;
But this fond heart can ne'er forget
My native land or thee.

Ah, Well I Love My Native Land.

AH, well I love my native land—
The land my fathers dearly cherished ;
Its vales and hills and mountains grand,
Defending which, they nobly perished ;
Its silvery lakes and sparkling streams,
Its ruins ivy-clothed and hoary,
In which I still catch lingering gleams
Of Erin's past, unrivaled glory.

Each fragrant dell and dreamy glen,
Where, when a child, my father brought me
To see his corps of Fenian men—
To love my Erin thus he taught me.
And, oh, I never shall forget
Their ringing cheer, their sabres clashing,
I think I see them marching yet,
Their bayonets in the moonlight flashing.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Ah, no ! they're scattered far and wide,
Some in the prison cells are weeping,
Some far beyond the ocean's tide,
And some in mother earth are sleeping.
Oh, how I long to grasp the sword,
And stand in line as father taught me,
To hear the cheer, the marching word,
Ring in the glen where father brought me.

HOME.

Home.

O H ! who on earth has ever heard,
From human lips or singing bird,
A sweeter tone, a dearer word,
Than home ?

More love, more joy, more bliss is found,
Than earth contains within its round,
In that sweet, simple little sound —
My home.

The sailor tossed upon the sea,
Wrapt in the maze of reverie,
Starts with the joy of slave made free
At sound of home.

The pilgrim on his lonely way
Beguiles the weary hours away
With memories sweet of childhood's day
And home.

The soldier watching through the night,
And waiting for the morning light,
Forgets the coming bloody fight
In thoughts of home.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The exile 'mid eternal snow,
Or delving deep in earth below,
Still dreams, amid increasing woe,
Of home.

And as I sit this Christmas Eve
Within my room, and think and grieve.
What web of memories I weave
Of home !

Of childhood's home beyond the sea.
But home, alas ! no more to me.
Ah, greatest, darkest misery,
I have no home !

How many more in Innisfail
Tell every piercing, passing gale
The same heartrending, woeful tale
Of ravished home !

How many more this Christmas Eve
Along the ditches sadly weave
The same sad web, and dying, grieve
For home !

HOME.

Oh, God of justice ! will there be
An end to Erin's misery,
And will her tyrants find with Thee
A home ?

Will those who suffer here below,
Whose life is one long night of woe,
With Thee no brighter glory know,
No sweeter home ?

The Autumn Days.

WHAT days so rare as the autumn days,
When the morning beams or the golden
rays
Of the setting sun, like a gleaming lance
On the burnished shield of the forest glance ?

The days of spring, like a flirting maid,
May enchant the eye with their light and shade,
But their pleasures pall on the conscious heart,
Like the fleeting glow of her soulless art.

The summer days, with their dreamy calm,
May steep the mind in a sensuous balm,
But the spotless soul and the sleepless eye
And the nerveless frame from the drug would
fly.

And the winter days may whisper "rest"
To the shattered heart and the weary breast,
But over and over their storm-swept page
Are the deep footprints of unchanging age.

THE AUTUMN DAYS.

O ! never were days like the peerless days
When Autumn unrolls to the raptured gaze
Of the lofty soul and the searching eye
All her pencilled gems, on the earth and sky.

July.

WHY do all poets sing to May
And bend the knee to "royal June,"
Unless it is one rhymes with lay
The other, easily with tune?
Why are the other months unsung?
Have they no beauty in their eye?
Perchance they trip the rhymers' tongue—
But I will sing thee, dear July!

Thou art so beautiful to me—
Each golden morning, noon and eve;
And oh! thy nights entrancingly
Begem each fancy-web I weave.
Sweet Summer's full-grown daughter thou,
With heaving breast and love-fraught sigh
Close to my soul I clasp thee now,
And kiss thy rosy lips, July.

With thee I'll wander down the vale,
Or climb the craggy, breezy hill,
The lake, sun-kissed and pulsing, sail,
Or sit beside the laughing rill.

JULY.

Beneath the tangled forest shade,
Where Nature's brood is sweetly shy,
I'll twine a fragrant, flowery braid
And wreathe thy brow, my queen, July

Or, if thou wilt, beside the sea,
Where wavelets steal to kiss the strand,
And where unrivaled thou shalt be,
I'll wander with thee hand in hand.
Where white-winged skiffs swift skim the bay,
And Neptune blinds the day-god's eye,
I'll still be near and homage pay
And deem thee peerless, fair July.

Where are the Gods?

WHERE do the gods and goddesses dwell,
Of which the learnèd speak?
Is Venus' home in a pink sea shell?
Is Neptune's throne on the ocean's swell?
And Jove's in the lightning streak?

Does Pluto reign in the world of Night?
Are all his subjects dark?
Are Luna's eyes those lamps of light
That, glimmering, hang in heaven's height
And quench when sings the lark?

Is Vulcan throned in *Ætna's* fire?
Does yet his anvil ring?
Does Clio's hand still grasp the lyre?
Or Thalia mask each young desire,
And Polyhymnia sing?

Where does Pallas hold her court?
Are all her courtiers wise?
Does Mars command a British fort?
Or is he of Wolseley making sport
Beneath Soudanian skies?

WHERE ARE THE GODS?

And thousand other gods, whose names
Are known to learnèd man,
And nymphs divine whose rival claims
The Romans honored with festive games
When Echo slighted Pan.

Boyhood's Christmas Night.

BACK through the mist of vanished years
fond memory wings her way
To friends and scenes I knew and loved in
childhood's blissful day ;
To comrades true who played with me around
the firelight bright—
O memory ! let me live with them again this
Christmas night.

Oh, let me take my father's hand and press it to
my lip !
And lay my head on mother's breast, her
honeyed kisses sip !
With sisters, brothers, steal from bed to place
the candle light
In every window, as I did on boyhood's Christ-
mas night.

BOYHOOD'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

And dream again of Santa Claus—the things I
wished he'd bring,
And sleep the sleep of innocence untouched by
sorrow's sting ;
Wake to behold my hopes fulfilled—a new day
dawning bright—
A day of joy—as once I did on boyhood's
Christmas night.

The stranger-land may freely give all things the
worldly prize,
And equal place the lord and slave in law and
freedom's eyes ;
But, ah ! it never can restore the peace and pure
delight
The exile knew, in native land, on every Christ-
mas night.

There is within the Celtic heart a something
half divine,
Most tender, true and passionate—no stranger
can define,
That fits the exile to the land—wherever he
may roam,
But chains his love, through weal and woe, to
native land and home.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

I have my share of bliss and joy--I know the
pangs of woe—
And hope still leads me to the steep where
glory's baubles glow ;
But I would lay me down to-night, nor wake to
life and light,
If 'twould restore the joys I knew, on boyhood's
Christmas night.

Old Year, Good Bye.

OLD Year, Good bye ! Old Year, good bye !
Earth fadeth from thy sight,
And dissolution's cloak draws nigh
To curtain thee in night.
'Tis sad, of all who hailed thy birth
With merry song and cheer,
How few deplore thy end on earth,
Or weep around thy bier !

O, ripple of the sea of time
Receding from the shore !
Many who cheered thy natal chime
Have gone, ah ! gone before ;
Many who glowing promise gave—
Hailed thee with hearts elate—
Are now within the silent grave,
Or 'mong the desolate.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Oh, leave with us, thou dying Year !
The wisdom-lore thou hast
That we life's barque may safely steer
Through rocks that wrecked our past,
To light us on the path of truth—
Throughout our earthly span—
To save from shame the erring youth—
The wayward youth and man.

The Sea.

THE sea, the sea, the chainless sea,
Restless ever and ever free,
Beyond proud tyrant man's control;
True type of the immortal soul,
The sea, the sea, the changeful sea!
Majestic, mystic, main for me.

Now dancing, gliding on the strand
Like playful children hand in hand,
Now rolling high with rush and roar,
Like giants struggling on the shore;
Now laughing round the rocks in glee,
Like prisoned spirits just made free.

Now sobbing, sighing, sad refrain,
As if its soul were thrilled with pain;
Now rearing high its gleaming crest
As if despair had seized its breast;
Till now with awful frenzied roar
Its marshalled columns charge the shore.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The sea, the sea, the faithful sea,
Teacher ever and guide to me ;
Reflecting true this state called life,
Human passion, sorrow and strife,
But constant still to God's command,
Kissing the beach or lashing the strand.

TO MY FATHER.

To My Father.

O H, my father, dearest father ! dearer far than
life to me ;
More beloved than life was ever, dearer far
than life could be,
Tell me soon, and tell me truly, ah ! I'm longing
for to know—
And to know it, dearest father, might dispel
this cloud of woe—
If, when brothers and my sisters and the friends
my childhood knew,
In the Spring and Winter evenings by the fire-
side sit with you ;
Or in mellow Autumn weather, or when Summer
decks the lea,
As they roam my native valleys, do they ever
speak of me ?

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Oh, they would, belovèd father! if they knew
the love I bear,
And the wild and passionate longing once again
be with them *there* ;
If they knew the pain and anguish and the
dreadful cloud of woe
That has ridged my youthful forehead, hangs
above where'er I go ;
All the toil and all the hardships that are mine
from year to year ;
How my broken heart is bleeding – all my
flowers of hope are sere ;
How the days drag slowly onward, through the
night I fight with care,
Lest it would dethrone my reason—lest I wither
in despair.

And bright hopes were mine in boyhood, nurtured by a fancy bright
As the crystal drops that linger in the flowerets
after night ;
They were hopes, belovèd father, that some future day I'd stand
'Mid the great and valiant champions of my
hapless Motherland ;

TO MY FATHER.

That some day when I'd be stronger, as you
taught me I would wield
Till the Saxon foe was routed, your bright brand
in battle-field—
I would die, as died your father, or I'd make
my country free,
But my youthful hopes have perished—I'm an
exile o'er the sea !

Far away from all I cherish—all on earth that's
dear to me—
What care I how soon I perish ? Father, I've
forgotten thee ;
In my anguish, I forgot thee, but I know thou
wilt forgive,
Yes, to see thee and my Erin, through all tor-
ments I would live—
Live to see the spreading valley that I love with
all my soul,
And the winding, green-fringed rivers dancing,
laughing as they roll—
See my brothers and my sisters, and the friends
who care for me ,
I would live to strike for Erin ! I would live to
see her free !

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Then I care not when I perish, for I long to be
at rest.

See my long-lost darling mother in the kingdom
of the blest.

Then I care not; ah! I care not when my sun
of life may set,

For my dawn has been a sad one, and the noon-
tide sadder yet.

But I'll stop this dreadful wailing, have I not a
soul and mind?

Can I paint no brighter picture—one more
cheering to mankind?

No; the great God never gave me life to fritter
thus away;

I will burst the bonds that bind me, I will rush
into the day.

A Mother's Lament for her Child.

O H ! pulse of my heart and light of my day !
My joy and my comfort, my bright hope
and stay !

Flower of my soul, my sweet, idolized one,
Why hast thou withered and left me alone ?

Dream of delight, thou hast faded away
From the shore of existence like sun-kissèd
spray,
And left in my bosom a living regret
That, try as I may, I can never forget.

Bright were thy locks as the eve's golden sky,
And heaven's own blue could not rival thine
eye.

Fair was thy brow as the young apple spray,
And lovely thy smile as a morning in May.

Sweet was thy breath as the rose's perfume,
And thy voice soft as angel-harps breathing in
tune.

Too fair was thy spirit for prison of clay,
The angels released it and bore it away.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Who will now cheer me the long, dreary day ?
Thou wert anear me when all were away.
Ah ! merciless Death, why didst thou destroy
The flower of my soul, my own idolized boy ?

Peace, breaking heart ! let him sleep ; it is well,
He's fled from the strife amid angels to dwell—
Gone where the glory of sunshine and shower
Will nurture eternal my beautiful flower.

Leo XIII. Golden Jubilee.

FROM pole to pole, from rise of sun
Until it kneels before the West,
Where treasured are great deeds well done,
Wherever throbs a Christian breast,
Let Pæans roll to Heaven on high,
Te Deums mingle grand and free,
The prince of princes 'neath the sky,
Doth celebrate his jubilee!

Ten lustrums rolled adown the past
Since Damietta hailed him lord;
Grim War since then oft blew his blast,
But saintly Leo sheathed the sword.
Perugia, trembling in the grasp
Of bandit chiefs and lawless guile,
Beheld his iron arm unclasp
The chains that would her shrines defile.

Along the current of his years
Honor's gems are thickly cast;
The monuments that genius rears
All earthly titles will outlast.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Much more is he than what is great ;
The world no more to him can bring ;
He sits in Peter's royal state,
Is Nature's and Religion's King.

His path is sloping down the west,
The gorgeous light of eve is near ;
Yet can his master mind attest
In righting wrong, that it is clear.
Oh, may the sunset splendid be ;
But grant, O God, us one request,—
That many years shall come and flee,
Ere Thou shalt take him to the blest.

What Catholics Have Done for
America.

MEN have said and preached and written for
a hundred years and more,
That the Catholics were never an advantage to
this shore.

They have shouted, lay and cleric, of the "pa-
triotic" clan,
That America owes nothing to the "Roman"
Irishman.

Come and read our country's story, and behold
how they have lied,
See how Catholics discovered, and the Irish for
her died !

Lo, La Casa, famous Pinzon, with Columbus in
command,
Leaving sunny Spain behind them for a vision-
ary land.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

And Americus Vespuccius, kneeling at the papal
throne,
Asking God to bless and guide him, in his quest
of lands unknown.

What were they? I ask the bigots were they
Catholic by birth?
Found they not for all God's people, best and
greatest land on earth?

At what altar prayed the Cabots, great De Soto
and Champlain,
And the world-renowned Balboa, who first saw
the peaceful main?

Ponce de Leon, Varrazani, valiant Cortez and
La Salle,
Father Marquette, Monk La Carron, who Lake
Huron loved so well.

And the Admiral Magellan, who first sailed the
globe around,
And Cartier, who Canada and the grand St.
Lawrence found?

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA.

Few I name, but they were potent in revealing
this broad land
From the icy hills of Greenland to the torrid
polar strand.

Turn a page, and view the founders of our cities
and our States,
From Quebec to St. Augustine, onward to the
Golden Gates.

Were not Catholics the foremost? First and
only in that day
To protect and grant all people right to worship
their own way?

Read the Revolution's story—written by a
truthful hand—
See the Catholics who suffered and the outer
ramparts manned

At Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, Brandy-
wine and Germantown,
Monmouth, Moultrie and Point Stony, Valley
Forge of sad renown,

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

And whose blood bedewed each valley, and en-
crimsoned every rill,
From the banks of Yorktown River back to
blood-stained Bunker Hill.

Who was founder of our navy in those dark and
doubtful days ?
Will Jack Barry and McDonough ever win the
bigot's praise ?

Know they not that sons of Patrick, who it
seems they cannot bear,
Saved our Washington and army from starvation
and despair ?

Do they know that "Romish" Poland, "popish"
Spain and "papist" France,
Sent their ships to aid our struggle, — warlike
men with gleaming lance ?

Have they heard of great Pulaski, Rochambeau
and Lafayette,
The immortal Kosciusko, whose fame's sun shall
never set ;

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA.

Gallant Moylan, and O'Brien ; Carroll, he whose
noble hand
Signed the scroll of independence for the State
of Maryland,

And the thousand other brave men, who fought
well for Freedom's Chart,
And whose names and deeds are graven on the
Nation's grateful heart ?

And again in the Rebellion ! Lo, the records
brave and bright,
Of the fearless sons of Erin in the awful, bloody
fight

At Fair Oaks and Lookout Mountain, Gettys-
burg of deathless fame ;
Shiloh, Corinth and Antietam—Glory yet de-
lights to name.

And at Fredericksburg and Vicksburg where
they charged through shot and shell,
Till the rebels ran before them as from out the
mouth of hell ;

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Heard they of heroic Meagher, dashing Sheri-
dan and Shields,
Dauntless Corcoran, Phil Kearney, hero of
Chantilly's fields ;

But why thus pursue the story of the Catholic s
high deeds ;
It is simply wasting paper for the bigot never
reads.

A CHILD.

A Child.

A VIOLET of the early spring,
Or snowdrop only half revealed,
Or like a primrose blossoming
In some sequestered, south-kissed field,
Death-chilled by lingering Winter's breath ;
Cold lay the darling baby boy
Within the frosty lap of Death,
While round him wept Love, Hope and Joy.

The soulful eyes through which once shone
Affection's sweet and tender ray ;
With heavy lids are pressed upon
Like midnight's mantle wrapping day.
The ruby lips are white as snow,
The voice that welcomed is no more,
Ah ! there's no measuring the woe
That follows Death to every door.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

But there's a morn to every night ;
And there's a joy to every pain ;
And Faith can view another light
In Heaven's latest angel-gain.
The debt of nature must be paid,
All that's mortal sure must die ;
Then who would baby's soul have stayed
From cleaving to its God on high ?

R. W.

AH, no! not mine the gift to tell in rhyme
The grief I feel
For him who was my friend. Some other time,
When I can kneel
Upon the sacred clay that wraps his breast
Alone, where dwelt
A heart as noble as yet ever blest
A home, or felt
Man's woes: perchance I then may weave in
rhyme
Above his clay
My grief, new-born at vesper bell's sad chime—
But not to-day.

There is the empty chair wherein he sat,
When first we met;
His rousing welcome and the after-chat
I'll ne'er forget.
I was an exile from the land he loved
And toiled to free.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

His love for Liberty each sentence proved,
 He spoke to me.
I read within his eye and in his face
 His life's one scheme—
To lift his country to her rightful place.
 He's dead ! Vain dream !

And will I never see his face again,
 Nor hear his voice
That was a living antidote to pain ?
 All would rejoice
On entering here, where many a year
 He welcomed all,
And was the sage and witty charioteer
 (If I can call
Him such) to the vehicle of his thought.
 Ah, nevermore !
Life's sun is set—his gentle soul has sought
 The silent shore.

Oh ! verdant be the turf that shrouds his breast
 As that dear isle
He loved so well, wherein he longed to rest ;
 And may the smile
Of Heaven's endless day an aureole
 Immortal crown

The generous spirit of his lofty soul—
 Ah ! too soon flown.
But while the changing seasons come and go,
 Till memory dies,
From hearts that loved him many tears shall
 flow—
 Regrets arise.

James.

AGAIN, remorseless death has come
And snatched the idol of our soul ;
Again, the heart-enshrouding gloom
Pall-like, has wrapt our mind and home
And brought us grief and dole.

But two short years ago to-day,
An angel in his upward flight
Tore from our hearts our darling May,
And left us here to grief a prey
And changed our day to night.

And ere her form was cold in clay,
God's angel came to us once more,
Another victim claimed as prey,
And little Arthur bore away
To God's eternal shore.

And now, O Death ! why so unkind ?
Thou mightst have spared our darling boy.
We know that we should be resigned,
But yet, round him our hearts were twined,
He was our hope, our only joy.

JAMES.

Ah ! will we never more behold

Those eyes where fond affection beamed ?
The flowing curls, like burnished gold
That down his shapely shoulders rolled,
That brow where budding genius gleamed ?

'Tis hard to bear, but yet to-day

We bow to our Creator's will,
And tenderly his form we lay
Beside sweet Arthur, darling May,
On Calvary's silent hill.

May.

OH, Great King of Heaven and Lord of the
earth !

And Virgin of virgins who gave to Thee birth !
Forgive ! But my soul, half despairing will say,
Ah ! why did You take from us our darling May ?

Why ? why ? dim forever the liquid blue eye,
And banish the smile that brought heaven so
nigh ?

Why hush the sweet voice that oft conquered
despair
And stiffen the hand that could brush away
care ?

She was gentle and wise, ah ! perchance far too
wise,
And she thirsted for knowledge of stars and of
skies,
And I oft told her stories too mystic for youth—
She has solved the great problem and tasted of
truth.

MAY.

Oh! clothe our sweet darling in garments of
white;
She loved them on earth—and her spirit was
bright,
And place her where roses eternally bloom,
And violets shed 'round her their sweetest per-
fume.

She ope'd like the rose—was as sweet and as
fair—
To the sun's golden kisses that dwelt in her
hair.
She fled with the roses in Summer's decline,
She was pulse of our heart, but to God we re-
sign.

Oh Ask Me Not Why Am I Sad.

OH ! ask me not why am I sad,
And plaintive is my lay ;
Why am I now less gay and glad
Than I have been alway ;
And why I hate again to see
The scenes that once were dear,
Which in my breast such ecstasy
Awoke, when thou wert near.

Oh ! how can I be happy now,
Light-hearted, merry, gay ;
Contentment's smile wear on my brow,
And thou so far away ?
The scenes that once were Eden-bright
And Eden-dear to me
Seem cheerless now as winter night
And bare as *Ben a Ree*.

The soaring lark's entrancing song,
Poured in the ear of Morn ;
The dimpling stream that laughs along
Of music now is shorn.

OH ASK ME NOT WHY AM I SAD.

The leafy dell where, glancing bright,
The shimmering moonbeams stole
To kiss thy soft throat's milky-white,
No more can charm my soul.

The morning beam that chases night
Behind the western bar,
And drowns in its refulgent light
The day's devoted star ;
The thirsty sun that, panting sips,
The chalice of the flowers,
Have failed to light the dark eclipse
That o'er my pathway lowers.

Oh, come once more asthore machree !
To this fond heart of mine,
And all these clouds will quickly flee,
The vale in beauty shine ;
The streams will sweetly laugh along
Amid the bright-eyed flowers ;
The matin lark will trill its song
As in the olden hours.

Adieu !

A DIEU ! And may your voyage be fair
Across the rolling sea ;
May sky and wave their brightest wear,
To make it sweet for thee ;
For never did the ocean bear
Upon its swelling wave
A purer soul, a mind more rare,
A heart more true and brave.

Adieu ! And when you gaze at night
Far out upon the sea,
On Luna's crystal lamp of light,
One moment think of me—
Remember that another's sight
Is fixed upon it, too,
Who feels, though lone, a calm delight
To think it meets thy view.

ADIEU!

Oh ! you shall see the land we love,
And press its verdant breast—
View gentle May robe vale and grove
In nature's richest vest ;
Adown our native valley rove,
Where bright streams laugh along,
And where my youthful thoughts I wove
Into a web of song.

And you shall see the friends we prize—
The friends of boyhood's day—
And look into their love-lit eyes,
And list their laughter gay.
But I must tread 'neath alien skies
My weary path alone,
And feel each dreary hour that flies
My dearest friend is gone.

Oh ! take my blessing to that land,
To every one I knew ;
And say, though on a foreign strand,
I still am fondly true.
Tell them when Erin shall demand
What lost she long ago,
My brand shall be the foremost brand
To flash before the foe.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

And should you ever come again
Across the rolling wave,
Oh, bring to me a shamrock green
Plucked from my mother's grave;
More prized 'twill be than all the gifts
That friendship can bestow—
More fondly treasured in my heart
Than man can ever know.

To a Child.

FAIR little rosebud, fragrant and bright,
Daughter of beauty and laughter and light ;
What will I sing to thee, what will I say,
Or wish thee, sweet Mamie, on thy natal day ?

Can I wish thee more fair than this moment
thou art—
More dear to my own or thy fond parents'
heart ?
No song can I sing, no poem can I write,
That can truly thy sweet budding charms re-
cite.

May thy future be crowned with the sunshine
of peace,
And may angels to guard and to guide thee
ne'er cease.
I love thee so dearly, I cannot half say,
The blessings I wish thee on thy natal day.

True Love.

OH, what on earth is half so sweet
As love, true love ?
An equal joy you'll only meet
In realms above,
Where all is beauty, all is bliss—
One long day of happiness.

Oh, what on earth is half so bright
As love, true love ?
What thrills the heart with such delight
As love, true love ?
Not all the song birds, all the flowers,
That sing or bloom in earthly bowers.

Oh, what on earth is half so grand
As love, true love ?
Be its chain for motherland
Or mankind wove ;
Its every link is rarer gem
Than ever flashed in diadem.

TO MAY.

To May.

TWELVE months to-day
Is little May,
My inmost soul's fond treasure ;
And like a fay
In lap of May
She sings an untaught measure.

And I rejoice
To hear a voice
So pure, so sweet and simple,
A mine of gold
Her cheeks unfold
In every little dimple.

I never knew
Such eyes of blue
As these now on me beaming,
Like morning light
Dispelling night,
Their rays are on me streaming.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

The golden ray
Of fading day
 Is hidden in her tresses,
And soft as rest
On lily's breast
 The dews are her caresses.

May little May,
Each future day,
 Be crowned with joy and pleasure,
And may she be
As now is she
 Her parents' hope and treasure.

ANNIE.

Annie.

BRIGHT as the face of a Morning in May,
When from the East it wings forth its
bright way ;
Sweet as the thrushes' first note in the grove,
Or pale, infant primrose, is Annie, my love.

Pure as the dew-drops that lovingly creep
Into the young lily's bosom to sleep ;
And fair as the hawthorn wreath that is wove
By Nature's own hand, is Annie, my love.

Chaste as the breath that at eventide flows
From the bright dewy lips of the opening rose ;
True as the vow of seraph above,
Rarest of rare ones, is Annie, my love.

Little Tommy's Wooing.

DO you love me, sweet Maggie Magee ?
And would you be happy with me,
Machree ?

My dear little wife will you be
And see
If you could be happy with me ?

I love you, sweet Maggie Magee !
Ah ! more than I can tell to thee
Machree !

I would forfeit the world, quite free
for thee,—
My life I would give up for thee !

I am lonely, sweet Maggie Magee !
And you can bring comfort to me,
Machree !

My home by the beautiful Lee
Wants thee—
My vine-bowered cot by the Lee.

LITTLE TOMMY'S WOOING.

You'll be welcome there, Maggie Magee !
The flowers may be jealous of thee,
 Machree !
But the sunbeams will gather in glee
 Round thee—
Oh ! you will be queen of the Lee.

Will you marry me, Maggie Magee ?
Just whisper the answer to me,
 Machree !
Or if you prefer, let it be
 One wee—
One wee little kiss let it be !

Annie Ban Machree.

WHERE winding Suck in beauty roams
 'Neath 'Talbot's spreading shade,
And crystal Mina laughing comes
 Adown its fragrant glade,
As modest as the violet bells,
 Half hidden o'er the lea ;
In native grace and beauty dwells
 My Annie Ban Machree.

Her lofty brow is purer white
 Than opening lily leaves,
O'erhung with golden tresses bright
 As sunset Summer eves ;
Her laughing brown eyes' tender beam
 Seemed when we met to me
Like quivering starlight in the stream—
 My Annie Ban Machree.

And oft' we met in Summer eves
 In that delightful vale,
Beside the stream, amid the leaves,
 Anew to tell our tale ;

ANNIE BAN MACHREE.

While song-birds poured above our head
 Their witching melody,
Which echoes seemed of sweet words said
 By Annie Ban Machree.

But I was forced, my Annie Ban,
 To foreign lands to roam
To seek my share from Fortune's hand,
 That Fate denied at home.
It was for thy dear sake I came ;
 And I'll return to thee,
With wealth to crown, and heart the same,
 My Annie Ban Machree.

The Belle of Bunker Hill.

BENEATH the stately monument
That crowns the storied mound,
Where British ranks brave Prescott rent
And Warren glory found,
Deep musing on the men of eld
Whose Fame lives with us still,
One Autumn eve, I first beheld,
The Belle of Bunker Hill.

As gracefully as sailing ship
Glides on a moonlit sea,
When argent waves, with snowy lip,
Dance round the prow in glee,
She came aloft the stony stair
And crossed the sloping hill,
While sinking sun and pulsing air
Adoring her stood still.

Upon her cheek the kiss of Dawn ;
Her brow was lily fair,
The warp of Evening's golden lawn
Was tangled in her hair ;

THE BELLE OF BUNKER HILL.

And brilliant as the lightning's lance
 Unsheathed in midnight sky,
Flashed every sweet and melting glance
 Of her bewitching eye.

She went. The grace and beauty fled
 From everything around ;
And Night, with sable wings outspread,
 Descended on the mound.
The regal Moon regained her throne,
 Yet there I lingered still
And vowed earth had one queen alone—
 The Belle of Bunker Hill.

Song.

WHEN we parted, Mavourneen—and sad
was the parting !

A hope buoyed my soul I would see thee
again ;

That hope, like a star, lit my pathway at start-
ing

To leave all I cherished and cross the wide
main

Wherever I roamed in the land of the stranger,
In moments of joy or when clouds would ap-
pear,

Like an angel to cheer me and guide me from
danger,

Annie, Mavourneen, thine image was near.

If I but knew that I still am remembered—

That even a thought you have given to me,
The pains I've endured and the sorrows unnum-
bered—

Would melt in the arms of wild ecstasy,

SONG.

Earth would be fairer and life would be dearer,
Hope on my pathway would smile as of yore ;
Fancy would bring all I love to me nearer—
My heart's idol, Annie, and my native shore.

What were a Kingdom to me, love, without
thee ?

What were a crown but a weight on my brow ?
Beauty and love have hung jewels about thee
A King or a Kingdom could never endow.
Annie, Mavourneen! though sad was the parting
The meeting will pay for a lifetime of pain,
And homeward will soon the fond exile be start-
ing
To claim his heart's idol and part not again.

Shattered Hopes.

LIVE there men who love to ponder, roam
they in whatever clime,
On the sweetness of life's morning, on their
childhood's happy time—
The wild roaming in the meadows, down beside
the laughing rills,
And the meetings, Sunday evenings, on the fort-
crowned, sloping hills,
In that land of song and story, far away beyond
the sea ;
That bright land of fame and glory, dear as life
itself to me ?
Live there men who love to ponder, on that
blissful long ago,
Yet, in musing, ope the flood gates of a surging
tide of woe ?
See, from every hill and valley, that to shape
can memory start,
Arrows—quivering, poisoned arrows—fly to
wound anew the heart.
If there live such let them listen, and in true,
though humble strain,
I will tell them my youth's story, all its bliss
and all its pain—

SHATTERED HOPES.

How we met, and why we parted, how we loved
in vain but well—
Ah ! 'twill soothe my aching bosom that sad
tale of love to tell.

We were little ones together ; many a time in
early spring,
When the primrose gems the valley, and the bee
is on the wing,
Did we sit for hours together, where the river
winds along
Through sweet Ougham—native valley—listen-
ing to the thrush's song.
Then we built our airy castles, and we furnished
them with care ;
And we talked about the flowers and the song
birds we'd have there.
Childhood knows nor rank nor station ; childhood
cares not for a caste ;
Thus, in roaming and in dreaming, all our
youthful days we passed.
Then she went into the convent school ; I saw
her not for years ;
But she wrote me oft and told me—for I spoke
to her of fears :

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

“Never while the gentle river glides beneath
Kilterra’s shade,
While a tree stoops down to kiss it, will I break
the vows I made.
Chase away your fears; be happy: time will
show you I am true;
All the earthly love and cherish could not bribe
my love from you.”

She came back again; I met her one calm even-
tide in May—
She was stately, tall and graceful, she was
brighter than the day;
And her cheeks were like the rose-beams smiling
Morn softly flings
On the hills and on the valleys, as its way it
westward wings;
And her hair was soft and golden as the evening-
beam caressed
In the arms of the Lily, when the sun retires to
rest.
And, oh! naught could match the love-beam of
her liquid deep-blue eye,
Save the smiling of the Eve-star, in her own un-
clouded sky.

SHATTERED HOPES.

Oh, the meeting ! oh, the greeting ! Never shall
my heart forget ;
And her voice's mellow sweetness lingers in my
memory yet.
Oh, the joy ! the bliss ! the rapture ! of the pure,
the fond embrace—
Heaven seemed to shed the glory of its sweet-
ness on the place ;
And the future lay before me like a glimpse of
paradise,
Sorrows seemed to vanish mist-like, in the sun-
light of her eyes.

But her father, he was wealthy, and a humble
peasant I—
Dare I woo his lovely daughter ; dare I think of
one so high !
He a lord of princely mansions, woods extensive,
spreading plains,
Would have wed his cultured daughter to some
lord of wide domains ;
And he found one, and he forced her to become
that lordling's bride,
'Tore her from my bleeding bosom and most
grossly to her lied.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

As the ivy pines that's torn from the stately
forest tree,
That it clasps within its arms and entwines
most lovingly ;
As the flowers which Summer nourished in the
Autumn blasts decay,
So my loved one, torn from me, broken-hearted
pined away.
Oh, the torture ! oh, the anguish ! oh, the heart-
corroding pain !
Oh, the eager, ceaseless longing to behold her
face again !
It was wrong, perhaps, to make it, but it should
not be denied—
The one request I craved of them to once see
her when she died.

From that hour, within my bosom burned a
deathless flame of hate,
And my soul cried out for vengeance—blood
alone could satiate.
I was calm at times and tried me to forget and
to forgive,
And I drowned in tears that hate-flame, till I
thought it could not live.

SHATTERED HOPES.

But one evening in September—she was two
 weeks buried then—
I went—it was my custom—to the churchyard
 in the glen ;
All was still—was wrapt in night-robcs—as I
 knelt me on her grave ;
And I wept, I raved, I questioned, and I thought
 she answer gave.
Then rolled forth the tide of vengeance and
 swept all resolve away,
And I drifted on its current, till the dawning of
 the day,
When I found me near his mansion, in the
 bower she loved the best,
In my ears still ringing “vengeance”—demons
 urging in my breast.

With the Day-god came her father, down the
 dew-gemmed, velvet lawn ;
And I waited, as the tiger waits the coming of
 the fawn ;
Nearer, nearer, unsuspecting, on his wonted
 round he came,
Every forward step increasing in my breast the
 vengeance flame.

AT THE GATES OF NOON

Oh! the wild beast, hunger-frenzied, never
 rushed upon its prey
With the fury that possessed me as I dashed
 him to the clay—
And that moment were his last one, for my hand
 was raised to smite,
When the wraith of my beloved one, and his
 daughter met my sight—
There she knelt with arms extended and I
 thought she murmured “Spare”—
That is all that I remember—strength and
 senses fled me there.
For a month, with raging fever, I lay senseless,
 raving wild,
And the man I would have murdered nursed me
 as he would his child.
There is pity in the world yet and some good in
 every heart,
But often 'tis the hand would shield unconscious
 wings the dart.

Popping the Question.

WE sat to rest upon a rustic seat
My love and I,
Within as beautiful and fair retreat
As ever eye
Of mortal gazed upon in flowery May ;
The Sun was kissing his adieu to Day,
The clouds were blushing like a bashful maid
When love's first kiss upon her lips is laid.

We had been friends from childhood's blissful
time,
And often met ;
I praised her charms in many a cadenced rhyme,
But never yet
Could tell the passion that consumed my breast,
The ceaseless longing and the wild unrest.
O love ! — first love ! — thou art a blissful thing,
But unconfessed thou hast a biting sting.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

And who that ever fondly, truly loved,
 The loved one near,
His tongue found chainless and his heart un-
 moved,
 His vision clear ?
Long there I lingered but no word could speak,
Her lily hand was clasped in mine, her cheek
Rocked on the pillow of my heaving breast—
The world was conquered were my love
 confessed !

At length I talked about the golden eve,
 The peaceful grove ;
A thousand times I vainly tried to weave
 My web of love.
One mighty effort, and the tale was told !
She blushed a little, and methought grew cold ;
One kiss of rapture and one fond caress,
I popped the question, and she answered, "Yes."

Oh, bright and peaceful as a summer day,
 Or autumn night,
When countless stars begem the cloudless way
 Of Luna bright ;
My barque since then has glided down life's
 stream,

POPPING THE QUESTION.

My soul has slumbered in connubial dream,
And heaven and earth seems robed in richer
 dress—
Oh ! love's the essence of all happiness.

The Model of My Lady's Hand.

MY song is not of love-lit eyes,
In which the soul reflected gleams,
Nor of those fairy-forms that rise
To haunt the love-sick in their dreams;
One of the thousand charms I sing,
That Nature in a maiden plan'd;
How Art that beauty worshipping
Produced a model of her hand.

Here on my desk that model lies,
And oft I fancy as I view,
Within its veins life's current hies,
So real the image and so true;
And as I trace each beauty-line
That tapers to its finger tips,
I wish the legal right were mine
To press the real one to my lips.

THE MODEL OF MY LADY'S HAND.

Some may love the beaming eye—
 The rose's kisses on the cheeks ;
Others rave of charms that lie
 In woman's lips whene'er she speaks ;
But oh ! the fairest thing to me
 That Art or Nature ever plan'd
If she herself would dearer be—
 The model of my lady's hand.

Is it Love?

MY Annie !
If it be love to think of thee
From smiling morn to blushing eve,
When toiling hard or roaming free
Amid the gay or those who grieve ;
To dream of thee and only thee,
Through every changing hour of night —
To long for morn thy face to see
As sightless mortals long for sight.
If thinking, dreaming thus of thee
Is love, what mortal loves like me
My Annie ?

My Annie !
Oh ! if 'tis love to ever be
Unhappy when thou art away,
To count the moments as they flee,
And think a minute long as day ;
To feel my pulse and bosom dance
With longings that I can't explain,
To meet thy brown eyes' liquid glance,
And clasp thee in my arms again—
If ever feeling thus for thee
Is love, what mortal loves like me,
My Annie ?

IS IT LOVE?

My Annie !
If it be love to think that thou
Art fairer than the moon and stars
That gem the midnight's sable brow,
Or Morning's smile through orient bars,
Be chained to silence when thou'rt near
And eloquent when thou'rt away ;
To ever hope and ever fear,
Rebel forever and obey—
If living thus alone for thee
Is love, what mortal loves like me,
My Annie ?

© Darling, Sing the Song Again!

O DARLING, sing the song again,
You sang to me long, long ago ;
I love to hear the good old strain
Like angels' whisper sweetly flow,
The sad, sweet music of your voice
By love and truth 'made sweeter still,
Could ever make my soul rejoice,
My inmost heart with rapture thrill.

Oh ! sing for me the sweet old strain.
'Tis years since I have heard it last ;
To hear the soothing strains again,
Will bring me back the happy past.
Though many songs of other days,
Are fondly treasured in my breast,
Oh ! this of all those golden lays,
I love the fondest, dearest, best.

O DARLING, SING THE SONG AGAIN!

Whene'er from lips so pure as thine,
I hear such thrilling music flow,
It brings me back on wings divine
The golden, happy, long ago,—
The days, whate'er the span of years,
That nature will allot me yet :
Wherever Fate my life-barque steers,
I never, never, shall forget.

Darling Annie.

WHEN the moon on yonder tower
Rains its soft and crystal shower
In the sweet sequestered bower,
My darling Annie!

Where the alders bending low
Kiss the streamlet's gentle flow,
Where we parted long ago,
I'll meet thee Annie.

There beside that singing stream,
'Neath the moon's inspiring beam,
I will tell thee my life's dream,
My darling Annie.

Oh! what joy it will impart
To my true but tortured heart
If you'll breathe, "no more we'll part,"
My darling Annie.

How oft this many a day,
'Neath the eve-star's tender ray,
There, all lonely, did I stray,
My darling Annie!

DARLING ANNIE.

While each leaf the zephyr stirred,
Every song-bird's note I heard,
Called to mind the parting word,
 My darling Annie.

Tell Me You Love Me.

STAR of my night !
Sun of my day !
Happy when near thee,
Sad when away.
Beautiful maiden
With smile half divine.
Tell me you love me,
Say you'll be mine.

How dear I love thee
Words cannot tell ;
Mortal has never
Loved woman so well,
Since first I saw thee
My heart is thine,
Tell me you love me,
Say you'll be mine.

In every tress
Of thy rich, golden hair,
That streams down thy neck
And shoulders so fair ;

TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

In every feature
Such rare beauties shine,
I would not exchange them
For earth's richest mine.

Peace of my soul,
Comforter, kind,
Deep in my heart
And fond thou art shrined ;
So deep and so true
No words can define ;
'Tell me you love me,
Say you'll be mine.

Oh, for that word
I am longing to hear !
Earth knows no sound
Half so sweet to mine ear.
Oh ! for those lips,
More ruby than wine,
'Tell me you love me,
Say you'll be mine.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

Annie.

YOU told me you'd write me from over the sea
A long, loving letter, my Annie machree ;
And tell me of all the dear friends whom we
knew,
And who in our childhood were kind to us two.

You would picture the traits of that flourishing
land
Where Freedom and Peace ever go hand in hand,
That gives to the exile a hearth and a home
When, alas ! from their own they are driven to
roam.

Now two years have passed since you left this
sweet shore
And you have not written, my Annie asthore,
And I have been waiting, ah, waiting in pain,
Your long-promised letter from over the main.

Oh, times are much changed in our own native
land
Since, weeping, you stood on its emerald strand,
Since I, sad at heart, through salt tears, from
the quay,
Saw the bark that was wafting my darling away.

ANNIE.

And I, too, dear Annie, will soon have to part
From the land of my fathers, the home of my
 heart,
The isle I have worshipped since I was a boy,
The source of my sorrow, my bliss, and my joy.

Annie Darling.

COME back, Annie darling! oh, come back
to me,
Come back to thy lover that's waiting for thee;
The fireside is lonely, the cottage is drear,
The day hath no brightness when thou art not
near,
Come back, Annie darling, oh! come back to
me,
Come back to thy lover who's longing for thee.

You told me when leaving you would not delay,
That you would return some bright summer day,
The Summer has come and the Autumn is past,
And the dark clouds of Winter are gathering
fast.
Come back, Annie darling, oh! come back to
me,
Come back to thy lover who's longing for thee.

ANNIE DARLING.

'Tis true that you dwell in a land that is fair,
That Freedom and Peace, and Contentment are
there ;

There must be a magical spell in the land
That could keep you a moment from our native
strand.

Come back, Annie darling, oh ! come back to
me,

Come back to thy lover who's longing for thee.

Oh ! is it, asthore, that Columbia's more dear ?

Or is it that we are in slavery here ?

Or what can it be that could keep you a day

From our native vale and thy lover away.

Come back, Annie darling, oh ! come back to
me,

Come back to thy lover who's longing for thee. •

Oh ! often you said as we roamed side by side,
In days of our childhood by Ougham's sweet
tide,

You'd never forget, love, through weal and
through woe,

Your own native valley wherever you'd go.

Come back, Annie darling, oh ! come back to
me,

Come back to thy lover who's longing for thee.

My Own Mary Dear.

AS morning light beaming when first it comes
streaming

Like rills o'er the mountain so bland and so
clear,

As bright and as tender, may Heaven defend
her !

Is my gentle maiden, my own Mary dear.

So deeply I love her, no mortal above her,
Shall dwell in my heart, and I'll ever revere
With purest devotion while a pulse is in motion,
The sweetest of maidens, my own Mary dear.

The spirit of pleasure, a home's dearest treasure,
A gem that will ever grow dearer each year,
A fountain of sweetness, perfection's complete-
ness,

Is my little maiden, my own Mary dear.

Oh ! how could I leave her, for earth I'd not
grieve her,

And the truest in love takes grief most severe.
No ! absence shall never the golden chain sever
That faithfully binds me to my Mary dear.

MY OWN MARY DEAR.

Oh! who'd not believe her? oh! who could deceive her?

What heart could wish wrong to a maid so sincere?

What doer of harm it would not disarm

To gaze on the sweet face of my Mary dear?

Oh! could I forever, by any endeavor,

Wherever she lives, be e'en toiling anear,

More happy I'd be than if kingdom to me

Were given apart for my own Mary dear.

AT THE GATES OF NOON.

TO MS. J. R.

GOD speed the ship that bears thee R—, across
the swelling sea,
And may the winds and waves unite to make it
sweet for thee.

May sun and moon smile brightly down upon
thee night and day,
Till thou shalt feast thine eyes again upon thy
native bay.

Oh! what a joy and pride will fill the heart of
Innisfail
As to her breast she presses thee and fondly
bids thee "hail!"

How Millstreet's soul will thrill with joy to see
the loved one come,
And Clara wave her heather flag to bid thee
welcome home.

Though years sixteen have rolled adown the
current of the past
Since on the hills of Innisfail a ling'ring look
you cast,

TO M. J. R.

Your ardent love for motherland has but the
stronger grown.

As, through the days and months and years,
your burning pen has shown.

God speed the ship that bears thee R—, across
the heaving sea,

And may the angels night and day keep watch
and guard o'er thee,

May rosy hours around thee smile and sorrows
ne'er intrude,

And mayst thou come to us again with health
and strength renewed.

But we will miss you, genial R—; ah! we will
miss you here.

While yet we envy you the joy of treading Ire-
land dear,

We'll miss you in the meeting hall, we'll miss
your tireless pen—

“God keep you safe” is prayer of all, till you
come back again.

Investigate, Investigators.*

AYE, let us have the naked truth,
No more we ask nor less is wanted ;
The facts, commissioners ! forsooth,
Though you may be election-haunted.
We want to know, and know we must,
Who wronged the soldiers of the nation,
And crimefully betrayed our trust,
No matter what their rank or station.

What do the weeping mothers care
For "sons of somebody's" ambitions — ?
Fond hearts doomed ever to despair
For dreams of scheming politicians ?
Their loved ones they shall see no more
Because some quack official blundered—
Nor fell they on a foreign shore
Where foemen charged and cannons thundered.

They answered Freedom's call with pride
And fought the fight and triumph tasted,
But homeward totter, sunken-eyed,
With bodies bent and famine-wasted.

* Relating to mal-administration in the Spanish-American War, 1898.

INVESTIGATE, INVESTIGATORS.

And one by one they pine and die ;
Yet with their dying prayer is blended
A sigh — Ah should it be a sigh — ?
For God's own land they well defended.

Yes, let us have the naked truth,
No more we ask nor less is wanted ;
The facts, commissioners ! forsooth,
Though you may be election-haunted.
We want to know and we must know
Who wronged the soldiers of the nation
And wrapped our homes in shroud of woe
Or -- we'll make our investigation.

The Day We Celebrate.

COME fling the star-strewn banner out
And let the cannons roar,
Make every hoarse-tongued belfry shout
From shore to sounding shore.
Scream, eagle! scream, thy chainless mirth
Above each love-linked state,
Our Freedom and our Nation's birth,
To-day we celebrate.

And let each race and class and creed
In friendship, brothers be,
Our fathers' blood bedewed the seed
Whose flower is Liberty.
Let Love and Truth and Right have sway
And buried be all Hate,
God never made another day
Like this we celebrate.

Beneath the lightning of the sword
To life our Nation sprang.
The shot at Lexington that roared
The knell of tyrants rang.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Oh ! let it roar again to-day,
To symbolize the fate
Awaiting all who would betray
What now we celebrate.

O Starry emblem of the free
And hope of the oppressed !
I cannot voice the love for thee
That wells within my breast.
But should'st thou ever need my aid,
Though lowly my estate,
All I possess — my life and blade—
To thee I consecrate.

What Will the Doctors Do?

AH! what will all the doctors do,
And all the drug-compounders, too,
When old and young seek meadow-dew
To cure their aches and ills?

Must hospital and college go?
And great professors learn to grow
Long-whiskered grass, and make it glow
At dawn with crystal pills?

Must doctors' future text-book be
The rosy dawn and verdant lea?
Their drugs the tears that silently
Drop from the midnight's eye?

Must they unlearn whate'er they know
Of microbe lore, and simply go
Through parks on "light fantastic toe"
To make disorders fly?

Of course, some say, "'tis but a fad,"
But that's what makes it doubly bad;
The young, and even ma and dad,
Are fashion-mad to-day.

WHAT WILL THE DOCTORS DO

And then it is a thrilling sight,
Most dear to dude and bald-head wight,
To see bare ankles, small and white,
 Gleam in the morning ray.

Ab, me ! what will the doctors do ?
Of course, there are a favored few
Who own broad meadows, and can view
 Their future practice there.

But for the rest, it seems to me,
Unless they plant, in dew and lea,
A new bacillus or a flea,
 There's nothing but despair.

It's a Very Funny World.

It's a very funny world this—half poverty and
wealth,

Where doctors wish for sickness and all others
wish for health ;

Where undertakers cannot live unless their
neighbors die ,

And butchers want their friends for stew—hotel-
men theirs to lie.

It's a very funny world, where to kill yourself's
no sin,

Yet if you kill your neighbor, all to kill you will
begin :

Where lovers love each other and just quarrel
to forgive,

And murder one another that together they may
live.

It's a very funny world, where the bankers keep
the bank,

And the clerks spend all the money, while de-
positors grow lank ;

Where, if you ask your savings back, you're
told they all have fled.

And all accounts are tattered up and all the
clerks are—dead !

ERRATA.

Page 43, Third stanza, fourth line should read
"eve" not "eye."

Page 47, Second stanza, second line should read
"through" not "though."

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